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JULY 12, 1966

Shake-up in CIA: WHY? See page 667

NATIONAL REVIEW

LIBERAL POWER-GRAB IN THE GOP

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

Also In This Issue:

KIRK PLOTS DEFEAT OF BEHEMOTH U. ♦ MALVERNE AND THE FIGHT FOR NEIGHBORHOOD SCHOOLS ♦ STAN EVANS ON PHILLIP LUCE AND THE NEW LEFT ♦ ALSO WARREN NUTTER, POSSONY, ALEC WAUGH

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SPAPER

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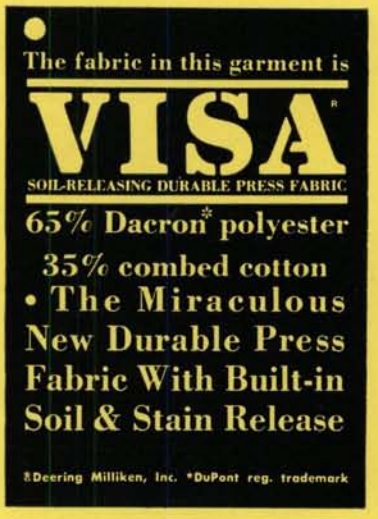
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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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In This Issue . . .

➔ The publisher of NATIONAL REVIEW, Mr. **William A. Rusher,** whose prophetic essay "Crossroads for the GOP" (NR, Feb. 12, 1963) laid the groundwork for the Southern Strategy, delves into the intricacies of recent conservative-Liberal confrontations in the Young Republicans and the Women's Republican Federation, and warns that the Liberals, already on the march, have victory in their hands in 1968 unless GOP conservatives wake up. Mr. Rusher is hard at work these summer evenings on his memoirs of his years as special counsel to the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee. . . . Dr. **B. J. De Noie** is a young dentist who was reared in Malverne, Long Island, and was president of the Board of Education there during the recent racial difficulties. He writes feelingly, and knowingly, of the actual, real, personal results of Supreme Court decisions that have been all too unfeeling and unknowing. . . . With a brilliant inaugural essay Mr. **Theodore Sturgeon,** the eximious sf-er, opens our new department of science, flicking open the veils that have sheltered lasers and masers until now. . . . **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn** writes a report on the problems that crop up when two countries disagree about their proper borders, and prophesies that the question of the border between Poland and Germany will be with us for years to come.

➔ **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** recounts the tale of the lady in Santa Barbara whom the judge presented with the alternatives: sterilization or jail. . . . **James Burnham,** taking note of the recent shift at the top of the Central Intelligence Agency, produces a clinical analysis of the environment that a democratic polity has to offer to an autocratic state-within-the-state, and concludes that Western Society's current notion of itself is not the best breeding ground for CIA-type work. . . . Prof. **Russell Kirk** is very tired of educationists who want to give a degree to everyone. Why not save the money, asks Kirk, and make everyone a Ph. D. at birth, and then . . .? But let him tell it. It is radical reform at its conservative best. . . . Our delectation, this issue, is Mr. **Alec Waugh** in the stamping grounds of Forster and Maugham, comparing the air-conditioned ease of today with the sultry luxury of yesteryear, the hummingbirds and the soul's peace. Territory, he says, is not the only thing that white men have lost, east of Suez.

➔ Editor **M. Stanton Evans** of the *Indianapolis News* reviews *The New Left* by Phillip Abbott Luce, who in the last eighteen months has extricated himself from the awfullest extremes of the New Left. He concludes that the young Left may make the noise but the young Right has the substance and, therefore, ultimately the winning hand. . . . Prof. **G. Warren Nutter** (Univ. of Va.) rocked the profession some years back with a debunking of Soviet economic growth. Now he reviews, favorably, a book that debunks the idea of amicable Western trade with the Soviet block. . . . Two new science fictions are welcomed by **Theodore** (see above) **Sturgeon.** . . . Prof. **Stefan Possony** is undeterred by SecDef McNamara's deterrence. . . . **Richard Corliss,** a grad student at Columbia, and a freelance, saw *JFK: YOL DOD*, and concludes that Caesarism is no longer alien to the American spirit. ➔

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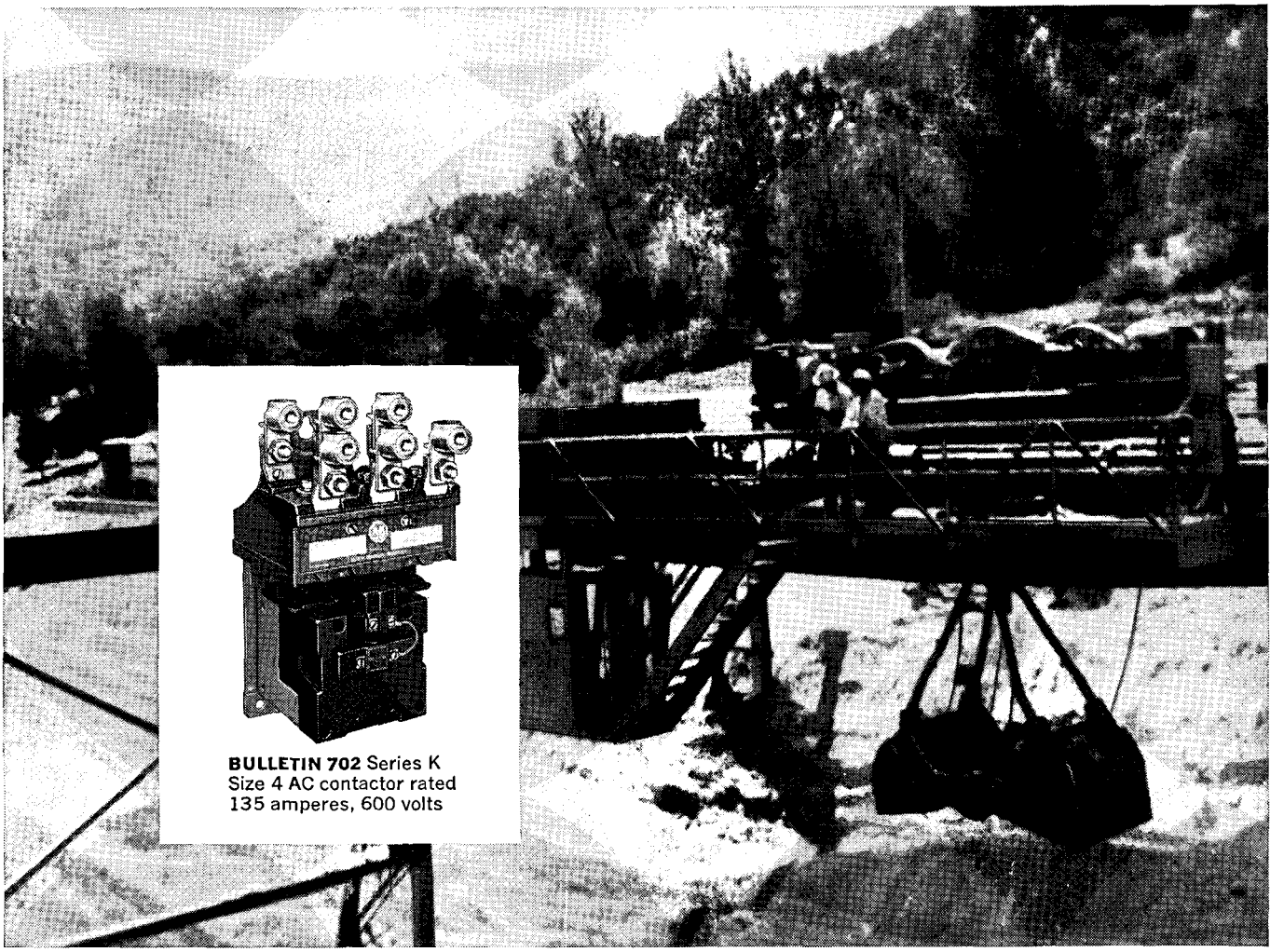

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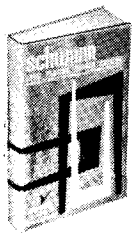

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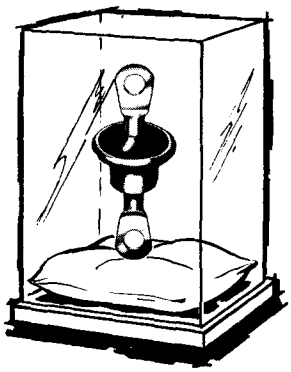

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LETTERS

Muggeridge on Liberals

I have just finished "The Great Liberal Death Wish" by Malcolm Muggeridge [June 14]. The eloquence and sophistication of this article are beyond compare. I wonder why Mr. Muggeridge does not write for NATIONAL REVIEW more often, while he contributes so often to the left-wing New Statesman? Put your pen where your thoughts are, Mr. Muggeridge.

Studio City, Calif. PETER W. SCHRAMM

How did you let Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge's *gaffe* slip by, on p. 574 of the June 14 issue? In his otherwise very perceptive essay, "The Great Liberal Death-Wish," he makes this grossly unfair classification: ". . . tiny entities and enclaves, fraudulent states like 'Nationalist' China and outer Mongolia, masquerading as independent sovereignties." Mr. Muggeridge should know that the Republic of China with its legally elected constitutional government temporarily located in the Province of Taiwan, controls an area and population approximating that of Holland or Belgium. Over 80 countries in the United Nations have populations smaller than that of Taiwan.

New York, N.Y. DAISY ATTERBURY

Two Sides to Everything

I feel I must protest at the propagandistic doggerel by "Caspar X" which appears in the May 31 issue. I was under the impression that the function of the police was to prevent crime, not incite it. If it is all right to deliberately lure homosexuals into breaking the law, why not murderers? I am sorry to see *NR* supporting such a bigoted double standard.

CHRISTOPHER C. MANTHEY
Cleveland, Ohio

Thank you for helping us express our appreciation to Mayor Lindsay and Police Commissioner Leary for bringing to an end gross violations of civil and human rights of homosexuals in the City of New York ["A Query," May 31]. There is one glaring error in the introduction to the verse, and that is the definition of the Mattachine Society as "an organization *of homosexuals.*" Mattachine Society Inc. of New York is an organization of citizens concerned about Society's treatment of the homosexual. We are one of the few parts of contemporary culture that are not particularly interested in the sex lives of their members. . . .

New York, N.Y. DICK LEITSCH, President
Mattachine Society Inc.

Mr. Manthey says I am on the side of the police while Mr. Leitsch says I am on his side. Gentlemen, how can I be both?

New York, N.Y. CX

UNICEF

In its issue of June 14, 1966, the NATIONAL REVIEW alleged that ". . . last week UNICEF was offered the second floor (of the Alcoa Building)—identical in layout to the sixth, except for some additional space—at a saving over five years of $150,000 to $200,000, plus a large contribution from a New York company that wanted to rent the sixth floor."

At an early stage of negotiation with the Alcoa Building, UNICEF did consider the choice of renting the space on the second or on the sixth floor, and the subsequent decision in favor of the latter was based on the fact it offered better working space. The maximum saving on rent, if the less suitable second floor was chosen, would have been not "a saving over five years of $150,000 to 200,000," as the NATIONAL REVIEW claimed, but of about $17,000 a year.

No definite contribution from any source was offered to UNICEF in this connection.

New York, N.Y.

VICTOR DE KEYSERLING
Director of Information Services
United States Committee for UNICEF

A Reply

1. The sixth floor offers "better working space" only if one assumes that a loftier view of New York contributes to "working space." We repeat: the quarters are identical, save that the sixth floor, *mirabile dictu*, is higher than the second floor.

2. The figure $150,000-$200,000 was calculated on a ten-year lease basis, whereas the figure should have been five years. All right: at $17,000 per annum (the differential between the price of the 2nd and 6th floor areas), the saving would total $85,000. Which is a lot of unicef for needy children who don't care whether the money comes from the infradig 2nd floor.

3. Beg to disagree. Our sources maintain that a substantial contribution was promised to UNICEF (the figure used was $50,000) if it would yield its sixth floor lease. UNICEF's refusal to do so killed the discussion.

Space Fakery

It was a distinct pleasure to see an article by my hero John W. Campbell in *NR* ["The 'Say-It-Isn't-So!' Syndrome," May 3]. Campbell's editorials in *Analog* have a lucidity and persuasive-

(Continued on p. 656)

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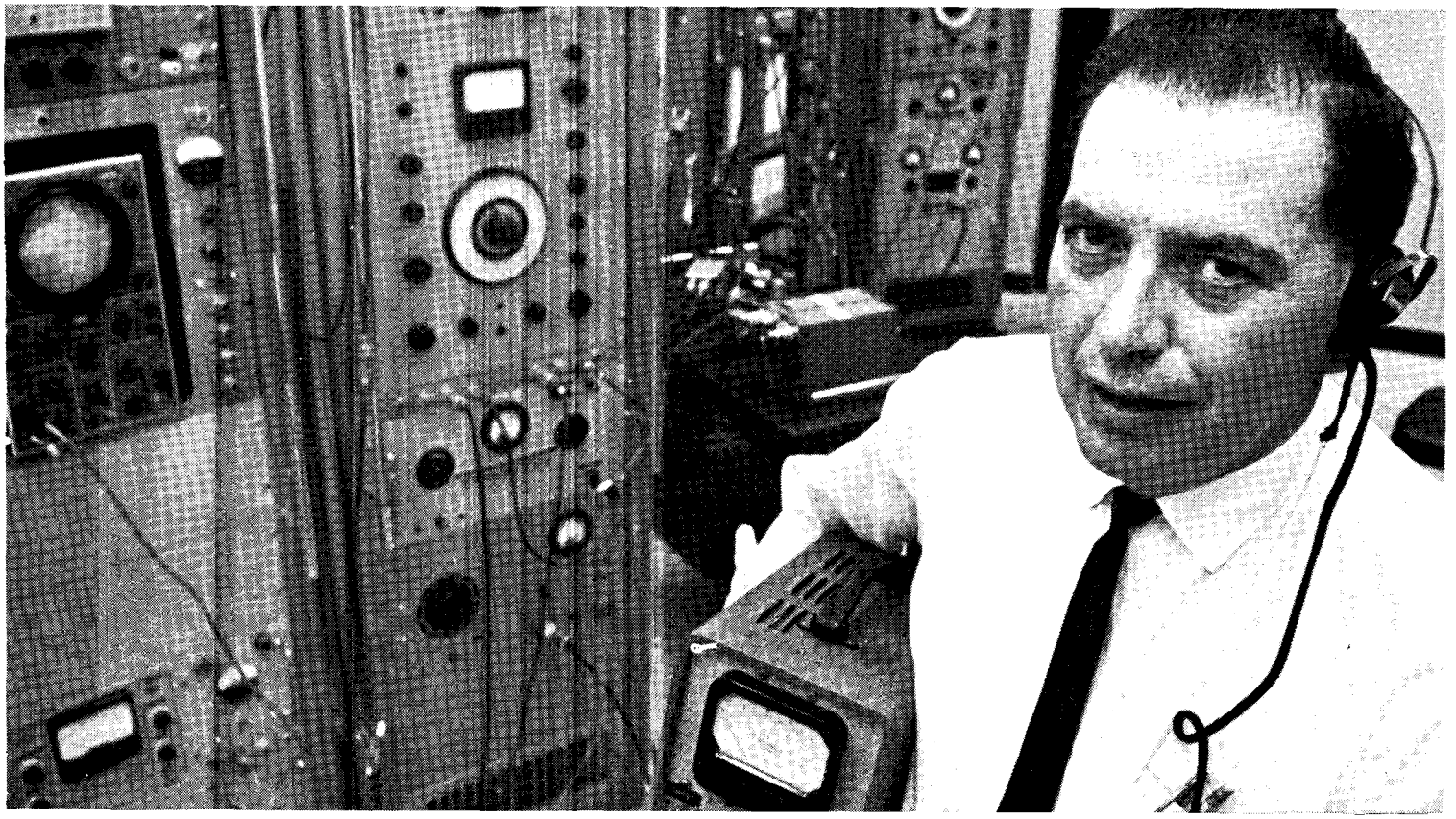
Gene Smith got the radio bug in 1927...

today he's an electronics analyzer at GM



The date: September 22, 1927. Gene Smith of Huntington, West Virginia, hunches over a radio crackling with static and the excitement of an historic fight—the second Dempsey-Tunney world heavyweight match.

But more importantly, for Gene, it's his first closeup look at radio, and he is fascinated with the maze of wire and tubes that somehow—miraculously—snatch the announcer's voice from the air. That fascination never cools.

First, Gene Smith built crude crystal sets. Then, he rebuilt a set operated off his father's car battery. Next a plug-in set, one of the first in the neighborhood. And radio was a big part of his life in the U.S. Navy, where he served as Radio Technician, 1st Class.

And then, in 1953, Gene Smith joined the Cadillac Division of General Motors and set up the Test Instrumentation Application Section. Today he heads up a crack team of technicians responsible for the accuracy of test equipment that helps make Cadillac the leader among luxury cars.

There were three winners that eventful Fall day many years ago: Gene Tunney, Gene Smith and General Motors!

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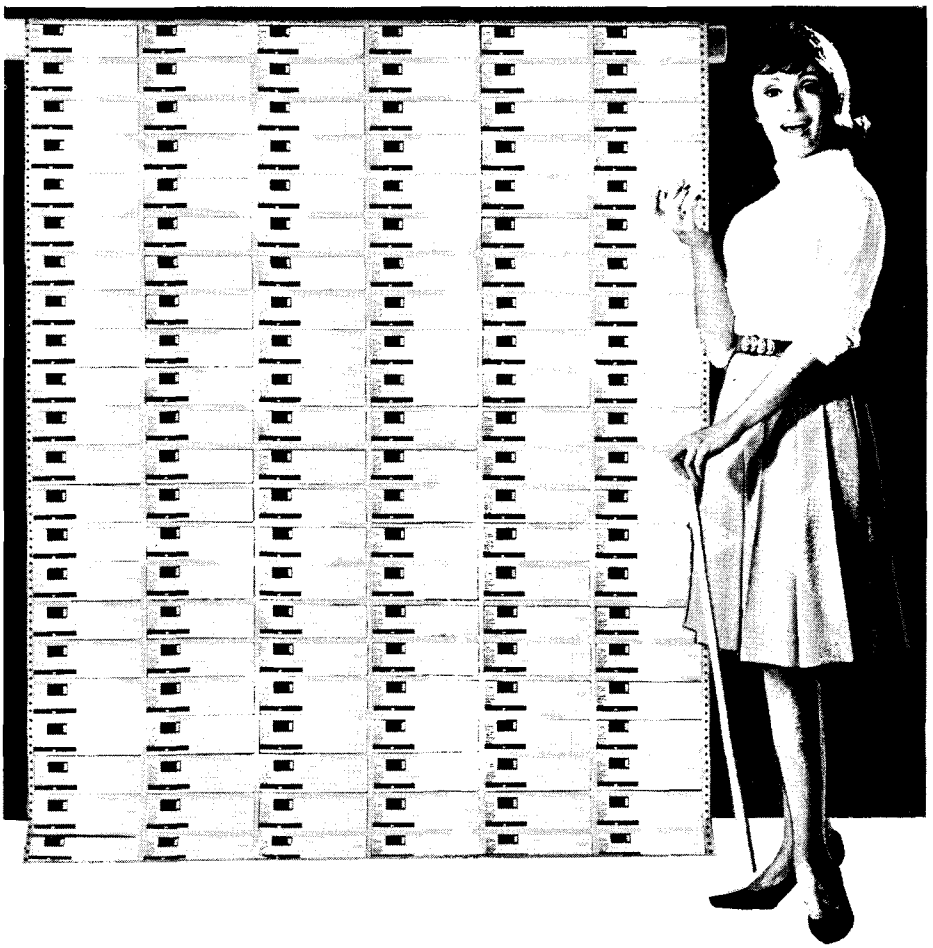

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LETTERS

(Continued from p. 652)

ness second to no other conservative writer's.

NR readers could do much worse than to peruse JWC's editorials in the August 1958, August 1962, October 1963, November 1964, December 1964, and February 1965 issues of his magazine, to name a few.

Lexington, Ky. HANK DAVIS
Vice Chairman
University of Kentucky YAF

You showed your ecumenical spirit in printing Lloyd Mallan's reply to Mr. Campbell in the May 3 issue. But in comparing the two, you quite obviously wasted space in even printing Mr. Campbell's fiction. . . .

Seattle, Wash. BILL CAMP

The pair of articles in your May 3 issue concerning Russian space achievements were quite excellent. That the space-walk films were faked was appallingly obvious from the first but you are to be congratulated for being one of the few publications to carry a story to this effect.

It is rather disappointing that Messrs

(Continued on p. 699)

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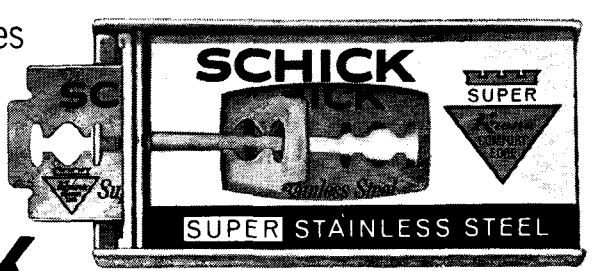

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The WEEK

● BROTHER CAN YOU SPARE A TWENTY? DEPT.: Mr. Sargent Shriver has set 1976 as the date when poverty will be abolished in America.

● Public school integration is a failure, according to U.S. Education Commissioner Harold Howe 2nd. After twelve years of deliberate speed most classrooms throughout the nation are 84 per cent Negro or 90 per cent white. Desegregation in the South has been offset by de facto segregation in the North. Those who continue to suppose they can persuade white America to take up the cause "are fooling themselves," Howe told an educators' conference in New York, "and, in many ways, failing our nation." The time has come, in Howe's opinion, for school officials to form a new front, to "put our jobs on the line" and "use every likely tool that we can devise" to force integration down the throat of the community, in the name of education.

● The Communist Party of the United States, long resident in a semi-tolerated limbo, is attempting to "break out of isolation" and to blend into the American scene as a familiar institution playing an open role in politics in the manner of the Italian Party. This was the line of the Party's recent national convention, where for the first time in many years its national leaders, Gus Hall and Henry Winston, were openly named. The press was invited to attend, also for the first time. Hall confidently predicted the Party would become a "more important factor" in civil rights, elections, labor unions. The new line exploits a series of Supreme Court decisions, culminating in last year's ruling that individual Party members need not register under the Internal Security Act. At the same time, a legitimized Communist Party, by its presence alone, will tend to make socially acceptable every position just barely to the right of it, no matter how far out in ideas or methods.

● "The Communist Party of the United States is split," declared Michael Laski, spokesman for the militant faction, in New York recently. "Gus Hall is a revisionist, a tool of Johnson. We [the militants] are leading a proletarian insurrection. We will use violence. We agree on every point with the Chinese Communists." And so on. And then, Marxist-wise, from theory to practice: "The Party is presently engaged in the formation of Peoples Armed Defense Groups in the Watts District of Los Angeles to oppose the rise of fascism. We have been operating and agitating openly in Watts for the past three years. The Party will expand its . . . propaganda . . . throughout the American nation and the Negro nation in the South."

● How to end the "barbarous" war in Vietnam? Secretary General U Thant's suggested recipe—borrowed, perhaps, from the latest teach-ins last week—contained these ingredients: U.S. must 1) stop the bombings; 2) agree to negotiate with all parties in the dispute (including the Vietcong); both sides 3) must "scale down" all military activity in South Vietnam. These alone, said Thant, could bring about an end to the war. He insisted that what was possible in 1964 in arranging a settlement was impossible in 1965, and what was possible in 1965 was impossible in 1966. He did not speculate on whether, if the U.S. pressed on firmly, in 1967 it might be peace, through victory that had become possible.

● GOING THE ROUNDS: Algeria is in terrible shape financially. Col. Boumedienne dispatches his Finance Minister to Paris with orders not to come back without a sizable loan. Try the President of the Bank of France first, he tells him. If that fails go to Prime Minister Pompidou and if that fails to the General himself. If the General says no, the Minister is to hand him a sealed envelope. The Finance Minister tries the Bank of France, then Pompidou, and finally de Gaulle. De Gaulle is severe. No, he says, and that's final. The Algerian hands him the envelope. De Gaulle opens it, pales, grabs the phone, calls the President of the Bank and tells him to dispatch, *à toute allure*, one billion new francs to Algiers. What was in the message? A very simple either-or. "Either I get the loan or I'll give you back Algeria."

● Opiate of the New Masses: In Yugoslavia a young student of philosophy, one Vladimir Gajsek, published last May a poem in which the Crucifixion was treated in language so Thersitic that a storm of protest arose. Theological students kicked up the earliest plaints, but the sentiment spilled over to the masses, and finally three Slovenian bishops brought formal charges. A three-judge district court in Ljubljana has now ruled that the Yugoslavian Constitution guarantees freedom of religion and prohibits the incitement of religious animosity. Although all the judges, as members of the Party, are technically atheists, they sentenced Gajsek to two weeks behind bars; sentence was suspended, however, thus stopping short of bodily assumption. As an instrument for stamping out religion, Communism sometimes seems far less effective than prosperity.

● SEATO & Co. Mutual aid pacts, security alliances and political groupings that could be transformed into an OAS-type defense system, are quietly being

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organized by the non-Communist nations of Southeast Asia. Doubtless encouraged by the U.S. stand in Vietnam (and emboldened by one of its principal effects, the overthrow of Sukarno), Japan, Australia and New Zealand came out of isolation last month to form the Asian and Pacific Council (ASPAC) with South Korea, Thailand, the Philippines, Free China, Malaysia and South Vietnam. Meanwhile, the Association of Southeast Asia (Malaysia, the Phillippines, Thailand) opened its doors to all non-Communist governments in the area. The new Indonesia, having ended the war with Malaysia, is expected to join both organizations, as may Ceylon. Laos, Cambodia and, to a lesser degree, Burma, are neutral, but only India remains totally aloof. Except for Pakistan, all member states have voted military commitments in Vietnam.

● The new military junta in the Argentine displaces the Illía regime, which was strong only in coalition, and aims to shut the door to the still troublesome Peronists. As *NR*'s South American correspondent, Robert Peter, reported eight weeks ago (*NR*, May 17, 1966: "Another Putsch in the Argentine?"): "On the sidewalks, in the coffee houses, on the beaches, at cocktail parties everyone asks about it: will there be another military putsch in the Argentine? We've had these rumors before. But what is new now is that those who would have to carry out any putsch are quiet, and those the putsch would be launched against speak of it almost with longing. Indeed, the same people who could not wait, three years ago, for the return of civilian government under President Illía now act as if they would not resist a military takeover." Prognosis, based on extrapolating Peter's prophecies beyond the first, confirmed, stage: a steadier course along the Plata, for a while.

● INFRA, the International Freedom Academy (Zürich, Switzerland), has published a brilliant critique of the socialist regime in Sweden—*Socialism versus Progress*: *The Swedish Case,* by Erik Anners. A former member of parliament, Anners is professor of legal history at the University of Upsala, and his 30-page booklet bears the imprint of judiciousness and scholarship. It concentrates on taxation, housing, education, and the accumulation of power in the Socialist Party apparatus. Available through the Secretary, INFRA, Rummelhardtgasse 4/25, Vienna IX, Austria. Price 5 Swiss francs.

● Five dozen disarmament experts from two dozen countries have concluded a four-day session in Ontario to issue a proclamation calling on the United States and Moscow to cease all nuclear tests, including underground tests, for a trial period of undisclosed duration. If, during that period, either "side" suspects the other of having detonated a nuclear device underground, it may challenge the accused; and the accused will fling open its borders to . . . not "inspection," surely, but "verification." Now it's a question of agreeing on who will make up the verification teams. Moscow will nominate Gus Hall. We'll nominate Chester Bowles. And so one more disarmament conference will end with a bang.

● Abba Schwartz, dropped from his appointive post as head of the Bureau of Security and Consular Affairs because he was a bumbling administrator and because LBJ didn't like what he read about him in an Internal Security Subcommittee report, is the ADA's martyr of the moment. The wailing has been building up for months, reaching a new decibel level in a piece by Clayton Fritchey in the current *Harper's* Magazine. Schwartz's ouster, Fritchey warns in his most ominous tone, was "more than a humiliating incident"; there were dark clouds of "secrecy," "liquidation," "disturbing questions" and "unforeseen results," and Galahad-Schwartz was a "victim" of "deadly political infighting." The Bureau of Security and Consular Affairs was "created . . . in the heyday of McCarthyism" and became "one of McCarthy's chief instruments for tyrannizing the State Department." It and Schwartz's job along with it were "secretly abolished" by mysterious forces that still "retain some of the power they exercised back in the sordid days of McCarthy." Since these forces include, by the evidence, the President and Secretary of State, it is sweet to recall that Clayton Fritchey has been an active Democrat for many years, one of the party's most influential publicists, especially close to Adlai Stevenson and the Stevensonians, who have dissolved for the most part into the Kennedy horde.

● We have in our hot little hands a document stamped TOP SECRET and titled FEDERAL GOVERNMENT PROBLEM-SOLVING (GENERAL). We reproduce the text in full: "It is obvious to all forward-thinking observers that the _____ problem constitutes a morally depressed area and is therefore eligible for relief consignments from the federal stockpiles of surplus morality. This morality will be disseminated through a stamp plan. The fullest success of this program can be realized only by the vigorous application of the concurrent federal programs of Moral-Supports (at 100 per cent parity) and of the Morals Retirement Bank."

One More Rung

The speed and passion of the global comments showed that the Vietnam war had begun a new phase when U.S. aircraft struck at the oil storage depots in the

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immediate Hanoi and Haiphong environs. The specific new objective is presumably to paralyze North Vietnam's transport by destroying, so far as possible, its petroleum supplies. Formally the justification continues to be what was offered for bombing trucks and trains en route: to cut off supplies to the Communist forces in the South. But in actuality there is a double escalation. The bombing has now advanced to the threshhold of North Vietnam's administrative, industrial and population centers. And the effect of the new phase of operations—if it persists and succeeds—will be much more pervasive in the North Vietnamese economy as a whole as well as on the supply lines to the South.

If the new phase is seriously meant, it cannot be left at a sporadic strike or two. Attrition bombing must be continuous; otherwise installations can be maintained sufficiently to function. And even repeated bombings of the storage depots cannot accomplish the objective. Oil supplies must be interdicted from coming into North Vietnam. This means the mining or blockading of Haiphong harbor (why not —*à la* Rhodesia—a formal announcement of at least an oil embargo?) and the disruption of rail and road communications from China.

The new phase has been so agonizingly debated and so long prepared that the consequences must have been thought through and accepted. According to some sources, it was scheduled for early spring, but had to be delayed because of the internal political crisis in South Vietnam. This seems to have been surmounted at least for the time being, thanks to Ky's shrewdness and daring and to American prudence. Several weeks ago the White House began a psychological buildup. In mid-June a sizable group of foreign correspondents was called in to hear the President express American determination to fight in Vietnam as long as necessary, and to dismiss scornfully the idea—suggested by the correspondent of the *Guardian*—that concessions might induce the Soviet Union to arrange a settlement. In Canberra, Secretary of State Rusk spoke to the SEATO conference with remarkable confidence and firmness. He bluntly declared that "the Soviet Union had seen fit to give both moral and material support to aggression against South Vietnam." His toughness was echoed by the representatives of Australia, New Zealand, the Philippines and Thailand. The week before, nine of the nations in the Southeast Asia-West Pacific region—among them the two former combatants, Indonesia and Malaysia—had gathered in Korea to form a new grouping (ASPAC) that reflected their growing conviction that the Americans mean business.

Do we? Does, that is to say, Johnson—for in this case this one man will be making the nation's decisions? There is no one who even pretends to be able to read the President's mind or to predict his indirect, judo-style moves. Ever since he assumed office and thereby took command of the war, the hopeful of the Left and the skeptics of the Right have predicted that he would soon pull out, that he was only waiting for a formula that would get him off the hook. But he has not pulled out nor in action—leave shifting rhetoric aside—shown any signs of pulling out. On the contrary, he has taken himself, his nation and, gradually, all the free peoples of the West Pacific closer and closer towards irrevocability. He has opened a split in his own party that may soon be beyond repair; he has broken with the dominant sector of the intellectual community; he has subjected himself to the diatribes of all the nation's enemies and many of its allies. It is impossible not to wonder why, even now, he still holds back from the measures which from a military standpoint, are so plainly called for; why he still clamps on such restraints on weapons and tactics—because, after all, even this latest dramatic move is an escalation only in relatively minor degree. Is it only that he feels he must strive to carry with him as many as possible of his fellow-citizens and allies, and that for this he must coax them along small step by step? Or is it his aim to keep still open the road to a face-saving pullout? Whatever his intention, the President may be reaching the point of no return, beyond which he will confront only the starkest alternatives: defeat or victory.

It's the Law

If the suspect is alone and starts to talk, but then indicates "in any manner" that he wants to remain silent, the police must stop questioning him.

The U.S. Supreme Court

See the burglar breaking in:
He's fresh out of heroin.
Watch the way he's making free
With the silver, and TV.
Freed from job-related stress,
He's become a big success!
Now he's making his escape.
(Now he's contemplating rape.)
Living's riskier for girls
Since the doings down at Earl's.

W. H. von Dreele

Apologies to the Bull, from the China Shop

General Charles de Gaulle in Kiev! One's ears resound to the plangent cadences of the Great Gates finale in Mussorgsky's *Pictures*, the cadences of the General's language (1944, before the invasion, *la*

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bataille suprême est engagée; 1965, putting down the carpers, *rien que la hargne et la grogne*). One great monument walking around inspecting another great monument, and always in the background the pealing of the carillons and the jubilant epiphany of flowers by the armload. The Great Nose bends down to kiss little Russian girls. Blessed are the children. . . .

All's well until he opens that enormous word-factory of his. Then he speaks of Europe on the one hand and "Russia" on the other, the Atlantic here, the Urals there, hegemonies of which France wishes, messieurs et mesdames, to have *nulle part,* although it is understood that France, in her sovereign and glorious capacity as the only, the first, the most continuous, the most faithful of the inheritors and transmittors of the Culture of the West, will nevertheless insist, in behalf of Europe and all the. . . .

In behalf of just damned whom? asked the British Minister of Defense, Seigneur Denis Healey. Why should de Gaulle, who kicked Britain out of her chance to join the Common Market, who is kicking the U.S. out of France, who is kicking NATO out of existence, who is trying to kick the U.S. out of that part of Vietnam the French didn't lose ten years ago —why should de Gaulle think *he* can speak for his victims? "No one trusts him in Europe," said Healey. "He is regarded as a bad ally in NATO and a bad partner in the Common Market [eloquence has been on the decline in England]. A bad ally and partner cannot negotiate for the rest of the partnership."

Zut alors! From Kiev the cable crackled: tell that young Anglo-Saxon who it was who just loaned a billion dollars to London to shore up his stupid government.

Enchanté, milord. Two days later Mr. Healey rose in Commons to apologize for his hasty language, his unfortunate phraseology, his . . . eloquence? The truth is eloquent. It also is on the decline. London exemplified in monetary matters what Voltaire preached of military in his study of Louis XIV: *l'esprit, la sagesse, l'eloquence ne sont rien dans un ministre lorsque le prince n'est pas heureux: ce sont les victoires qui font les traités.*

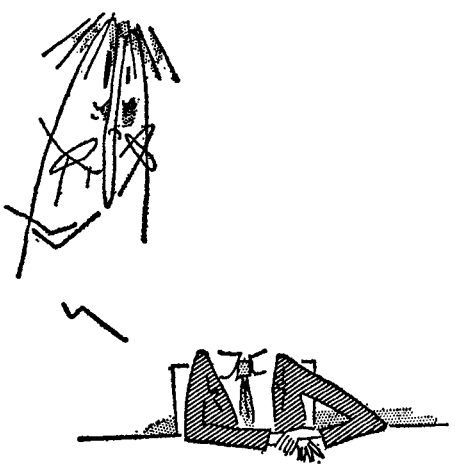
Fulbright Under the Glass

What happens in the current issue of The *Reporter* Magazine is an event of considerable psychological significance. It was greatly overdue, but one cannot help but hope that the process, finally launched, is well and finally underway. A tough-minded British journalist, Mr. Henry Fairlie, has written an article ("Old Realities and New Myths") analyzing the intellectual, historical, and emotional content of Senator William Fulbright's two most famous utterances of the past years, his speech in 1964 ("Old Myths and New Realities"), and his lectures this spring at Johns Hopkins University. The Senator does not survive the examination.

Consider, for instance, the most blatant, though not necessarily the most striking, of the Senator's inconsistencies. In 1964 he said: "To the best of our knowledge there is no evidence that wars are necessary and inevitable consequences of human nature." But in 1966, not much having happened to human nature in the interval, the Senator intoned at Johns Hopkins: "We must recognize, first of all, that the ultimate source of war and peace lies in human nature."

Mr. Fairlie goes on to analyze a number of historical analogies offered by Senator Fulbright in warning the United States against the "arrogance of power." Fulbright reported that "an exaggerated sense of power and an imaginary sense of mission" caused the Athenians to attack Syracuse, and Napoleon and then Hitler to invade Russia. The journalist Fairlie patiently explains to the former university president and Rhodes scholar Fulbright that the Athenians were dominated by a centrifugal ethos utterly alien to America's current and thoroughly anti-Wilsonian distaste for ideological imperialism; and that Napoleon and Hitler were moved by a fanatical desire to pursue power for the sake of it, again utterly unlike the United States' tortured role in Vietnam, a theater we entered as ambivalently and indecisively as Hamlet undertaking to reorder the affairs of Elsinore Castle.

Not only the inapposite historical analogies but the insecure and contradictory grasp of revolutionary history and metaphysics. Fulbright in 1964 seemed to be saying that our interference in foreign revolutionary situations, though often justified by the



"After the seventh adverse FBI report on this man I immediately began to consider the advisability of making a note to remind me to look into the possibility of asking him to think about the idea of requesting a transfer to a less strategic job."

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Focus on WASHINGTON

◆ The Senate Ethics Committee has completed the first round of its investigation of Senator Thomas J. Dodd, and the results are anything but conclusive. The testimony so far has dealt only with the Senator's relationship with Julius Klein, public relations agent for various West German interests, and the entire affair resembles a trial more than a hearing. No startling stories have been unearthed, at least for those who know the ways of Congress, but Senator Dodd personally has been making a poor defense. He gives the impression of being so wounded by the disloyalty of his former employees that he is unable to muster a coherent and articulate rebuttal. Julius Klein will be called to testify when Congress returns from its July recess, and there will be long lines in the Senate Office Building of eager witnesses to that scene.

Senator Dodd has been accused, so far, of accepting gifts and the free use of Klein's suite in New York City; of writing letters to German officials in defense of Klein; and of taking a trip to Germany, under "cover" of Senate Internal Security Subcommittee business, to tell Klein's clients what a good agent he was. The replies, from Dodd, his wife, and assistant David Martin: the gifts consisted of a two-dollar imitation Persian rug and "perhaps" a bottle of perfume for Mrs. Dodd one Christmas. (Other members of Congress presumably were on the same gift list.) Dodd used the suite at rare intervals and then only briefly. ("I am not a rich man. I wish I was. I am not ashamed of it. I am glad to stay in New York without cost. I stayed [with many friends in many apartments] in New York.") Dodd admitted to having written the letters in question, at Klein's request; he believed Klein had been mistreated in the German press and was glad to help an "old friend" by telling the truth as he saw it. (Inserted in the record of the hearings were similar tributes to Klein from Senator Wayne Morse and then-Senator Hubert Humphrey, among others.) And the trip, he said, was for the purpose of investigating the international murder operations of the Communists, specifically to interview confessed Soviet assassin B. N. Stashinsky; on that trip, the only mention of Klein to German authorities was for "two minutes at the most" to former Chancellor Konrad Adenauer—and even that was at Adenauer's initiative.

What puzzles many observers to the hearings are the snide insinuations, the grandstand plays, and the premature verdicts of the Ethics Committee's Senator Wallace F. Bennett (R., Utah). Even before Senator Dodd testified, Bennett gave it as his opinion that the German trip was nothing but "a personal trip by Senator Dodd." Bennett's performance makes little sense as a partisan maneuver—Dodd will not be up for re-election for another four years—and anyway, the fact that many if not most senators engage in the kind of activity of which Dodd is being accused, neutralizes the political potential. Could there be a personal reason behind the attacks? (Did Senator Dodd ever snub him at the Senate cafeteria?) Also being wondered: Will Dodd be asked—or be allowed to give—the reasons why he fired James P. Boyd Jr. and the other employees who have since levied the accusations against him?

Dodd's defenders say that the important factor in the charges and rebuttals is not that most members of Congress write testimonial letters or put in a good word for a friend but that so far it has not been proved that Dodd exerted any unlawful, extraordinary or unethical pressure on behalf of Klein in return for Klein's favors to him. Still to come, of course, are scenes which could prove much more spectacular than those of the past few weeks: Klein's testimony; Ethics Committee consideration of charges that Senator Dodd misappropriated campaign money; Internal Revenue investigations of those charges; and further court sessions in the libel suit between the Senator and Columnists Drew Pearson and Jack Anderson. The show has just begun.

—CATO

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vital interests of the country, should be measured against our capacity to wield power—which is certainly correct. But then in 1966 the Senator takes the position that revolutions are inevitable and follow predictable patterns, eventually reaching Thermidor (the stage at which the moderates, having executed their Robespierre, domesticate their revolution); that Russia has reached Thermidor, and so probably has Cuba. That Red China hasn't, but that there isn't much to be done about that, except to wait. Henry Fairlie shows that the dialectic of the Senator's two general positions reduces to this lesson: "Thus, America must not undertake the full responsibilities of its power, otherwise it will court ruin as surely as Athens and Napoleon and Hitler; and America must not search for ways of encouraging peaceful and democratic changes of government, because revolution, and especially contemporary revolution, will probably be violent and undemocratic." And Fairlie concludes: "Between 1964 and 1966 then, [Fulbright] seems to have moved to a position from which he regards it as all but inevitable that the consequences of exercising world power must be ruinous; all but inevitable that revolutions must be violent and undemocratic; and all but inevitable that war follows from human nature. Such a formidable construction of inevitability," sighs Mr. Fairlie, "is, of course, a traditional argument for withdrawal from action."

Such detached analysis of Senator Fulbright is long overdue. That it should be published in a magazine whose featured speaker on the occasion of its tenth anniversary was Senator William Fulbright is not merely piquant, but greatly reassuring to the

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cause of intellectual courage. A syndicated Liberal journalist, Mr. Pete Hamill, writes that the article's publication "will not change Washington's ideas about Fulbright, because [Washington] is inhabited by people who prefer to believe in the idea they have constructed of a man, rather than face uncomfortable truth." But then there are those who do not find it all that uncomfortable a truth that such an apodictic scholar-moralist as William Fulbright is, much of the time, talking through his chapeau.

Three Contests

The primary elections in New York City and vicinity tested at least one person and two issues, in three areas.

1) In Manhattan, the big fight was for Surrogate, an office of considerable political leverage because it is said Surrogate who administers the estates of decedents. Those beneficiaries who are not able to appoint their own guardians (e.g. minors), get them from the Surrogate, who appoints lawyers *in loco parentis,* which lawyers greatly prosper. The successor to the incumbent was to have been Judge Klein, who was nominated jointly by the Democrats and the Republicans. Suddenly, a few weeks ago, Senator Bobby Kennedy introduced the name of Judge Silverman, and a spirited campaign was under way. As regards the professional and personal qualifications of the latter gentleman, *NR* is bound by the canons of discretion to be resolutely mute—because it is the same Judge Silverman who presided over *Pauling* vs. *National Review* and must continue to dispose of outstanding appeals and petitions of one sort of another. At least, until he resigns as Justice of the Supreme Court to take office as Surrogate, which is what will happen in January, Judge Silverman having won the primary over the desperate opposition of the regular Democrats of Tammany Hall, and anticipating no trouble in November. Judge Silverman aside, put it down as a heady demonstration of Bobby Kennedy's power in New York City, easily erasing the memory of his failure to elect Abraham Beame as mayor last fall.

2) In the 19th Congressional District, which as you face New York is over in left field, the incumbent Mr. Leonard Farbstein was challenged by Councilman Theodore Weiss on the single issue of LBJ's foreign policy. Farbstein more or less backed Johnson, while Weiss sounded the trumpet of retreat, orchestrated by the collaborationist camp-followers. As we go to press, Weiss is the apparent winner by the slimmest of margins (61 votes) and Farbstein will appeal. The first "peace" candidate to make out in any major party primary in the country.

3) In nearby Nassau County, middle-class commuter territory, one of the strangest contests in history, between a conservative (Steven Derounian) and a crypto-conservative (William Casey). Derounian was narrowly beaten by Lester Wolff in 1964, who ran on a Derounian-is-soft-on-the-Birchers platform (see *NR,* June 29, 1965 "How to Beat a Good Congressman"). The Republican organization designated Derounian, but William Casey entered the primary posing as a progressive Republican "in the tradition of Javits and Rockefeller." We say "posing" because Mr. Casey has been widely known among conservatives as what the English call PLU—People Like Us. (When Senator Goldwater was informed a month ago that Bill Casey was running as a Liberal Republican, his reaction was: "You must be talking about *another* Bill Casey.") All of which was confusing to a number of voters. Casey billed his primary fight as of national significance, a contest between the old guard and the progressive guard. Well, the old guard won, 22,000 to 16,000. The fissure in the Republican ranks may well have the effect of returning Wolff to Congress, but Casey, who is a law partner of Leonard Hall, former Republican National Chairman, promises to back Derounian in November.

Fidel's Foreign Legion

For several months NATIONAL REVIEW has had at hand a special memorandum drawn up at the beginning of this year by the anti-Communist "National Liberation Front of Congo (Brazzaville)" which has been operating underground since President Alphonse Massemba-Debat proclaimed a one-party "scientific Socialist state" after the overthrow of Abbé Youlou's government by Peking-oriented revolutionaries. This memorandum described the contingent of 700 Cuban soldiers that appeared in Congo-Brazzaville a year or two ago, pursuant to a secret treaty drawn up in Havana and reconfirmed last January at Castro's Tri-Continent Congress. These soldiers were present ostensibly to help in the pre-military training of Congolese cadets. The NLF memorandum, detailing their deployment and actual activities, showed that in reality their function was to serve as a praetorian guard to bolster the tottering scientific-Socialist regime, and to cooperate in Communist plans for extending the revolution to Congo-Léopoldville. They were also, according to the memorandum, in active liaison with the Angolan revolutionaries of the Communist-led MPLA (People's Movement for Liberation of Angola). It was this Cuban contingent that successfully guarded Massemba-Debat during the abortive coup of December 22/23, 1965.

The Massemba-Debat regime, according to the NLF estimate, had so far disintegrated that it could no longer count on either its own soldiers or its mili-

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tant youth, who were its two principal props in the past. It had become shakier than ever since the recent African setbacks of its patrons, the Chinese Communists. It had therefore to rely on outsiders, and found the Cubans especially suitable both because they were mostly Negro or partly Negro (therefore less noticeable) and because Cubans have a less provocative reputation than, in particular, the Chinese Communists.

It is against the background of this memorandum that we read, as we go to press, the dispatches concerning a new attempt to overthrow the scientific-Socialist regime. This time the Cuban brigade of the world revolutionary army has evidently been forced into the open, in its true role. There should be no surprise. Fidel Castro expressed himself plainly enough, and not for the first time, in an address to the Tri-Continent Congress: "Cuba will send her soldiers wherever there is a battle against imperialism, and will support revolutionary movements throughout the world."

By coincidence on the same morning as the news from Brazzaville, there was published a letter from Miguel Ydígoras-Fuentes, who as then President of Guatemala had opened his country to the Cuban exiles training for what was to become the Bay of Pigs expedition. His direct and manly judgment had a rather special relevance: "The Bay of Pigs is to be regretted, not because it was undertaken but because it did not succeed."

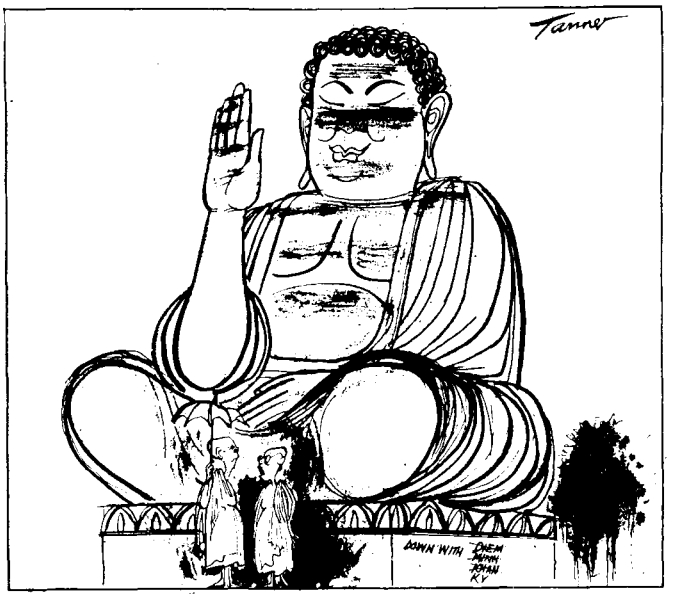
The Ghettoization of Faisal

We are reluctant to criticize New York's Mayor Lindsay, but the Faisal affair cannot be entirely overlooked. Since the Jewish population of New York is sizable, it was asinine to invite the King of Saudi Arabia to make an official visit in the first place. But Lindsay scheduled an official reception, as the State Department wanted. On June 22 King Faisal was mischievously baited by newsmen at a press luncheon arranged by the Women's National Press Club. Which, he was asked, was the greater enemy, Israel or the United Arab Republic? The king expressed serious regret that such a question was put to him, but answered it frankly—and predictably, dubbing as his "enemies" all those who support "the enemy," meaning most of New York's Jews. Great furor. Everyone seemed much surprised. Was it really a shock to learn that the King expressed himself as any other Arab would? Acting as the King's host, Lindsay might have expressed public and formal disagreement with His Majesty's views in a dignified and dramatic way. But, under pressure, L. dropped the whole banquet, causing great consternation to the government, notably to Secretary Rusk who made an urgent telephone plea in the middle of the night to keep the reception on schedule.

Note that four days later, on June 27, the New York district attorney's office recommended to the New York Criminal Court that charges of disorderly conduct against George Lincoln Rockwell be dropped. He had made anti-Semitic remarks of a specially abhorrent kind in the rotunda of the City's Supreme Court Building. But, it was noted, his comments were in reply to goading questions by newsmen. The American Civil Liberties Union defended Rockwell. The charges were dismissed.

Mightier Than the Sword

The 34th International PEN Congress (Poets, Playwrights, Essayists, Novelists), held last month in New York, was an unusually lively affair both culturally and ideologically. For the first time in years, delegates, who made up a good portion of the international intellectual elite, were heard to disagree on a number of first principles that haven't been called into question since postwar Stalinism made skeptics of us all. There was, for example, the unfeigned regret of Arthur Miller, international president of PEN, at the unexplained absence of the Russian delegation. Sadly, Miller admitted the Russians were probably too scared to face recriminations from other PEN members over the Sinyavsky-Daniel case. Other delegates, who had made sure of inviting the exiled Russian poet Valery Tarsis (see p. 684), were not so dismayed by the Soviet snub. Then there was Ignazio Silone's definition of the intellectual as "the leader



Tanner-Australian Bulletin Ben Roth Agency

"The Americans are fighting for our freedom and we must show we know what freedom means—let's attack the Yanks."

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against the totalitarian state." Pablo Neruda instantly objected. Neruda, the Chilean poet and Communist, was the Congress' prize exhibit, officiating as the symbol of international good will and cooperation (after having entered the country on a special State Department visa for visiting symbols). But Silone, an ex-Communist, was not about to be put off from defending the importance of Boris Pasternak merely because of the tactical importance of Neruda. And scored his point.

The kicks started coming early, as soon, in fact, as Saul Bellow's opening address, a dam-busting onslaught against non-creative literary intellectuals. "And what do these intellectuals do with literature?" Bellow asked. "Why, they talk about it, they treasure it, they make careers of it, they become an elite through it, they adorn themselves with it, they make discourse of it." Furthermore, said Bellow, they shape it to suit their own positions, positions "made up of odds and ends of Marxism, Freudianism, Existentialism, mythology, surrealism, absurdism, *und so weiter* the debris of modernism, with apocalyptic leftovers added."

After this, the literati were in no mood for Marshall McLuhan, who, however, added no apocalypses. He merely told them they were all extinct.

On the Right

Sterilize That Woman!

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Mrs. Nancy Hernandez of Santa Barbara, California, though only 21 years old, is a mother, a divorcée-elect, an adulteress, and a heroin pusher. She was married to Mr. Hernandez, to whom she bore a daughter, and whom she is currently engaged in divorcing. Meanwhile, she took up with Mr. Sanchez, to whom she bore a child, and whom she intends to marry when her divorce judgment comes in.

Buckley

Two months ago, the police raided Sanchez's home, found marijuana in it, took him and his common-law wife to court. The judge of the municipal court, Frank P. Kearney, sentenced Mrs. Hernandez to six months in jail—or sterilization. Mrs. Hernandez, staggered by the prospective term in jail, agreed to the alternative. But then she thought better of it and decided she would go to jail. Her attorney meanwhile had denounced Judge Kearney for handing down a sentence (six months) "grossly disproportionate to the crime," and for suggesting an alternative (sterilization) which was "arbitrary, unreasonable, capricious, illegal, unconstitutional and such as to shock the moral sense of the community." The judge, unruffled, replied that the terms for probation which he had offered represented "nothing novel, legally, medically, or sociologically," and that what he had proposed was well within the limits of judicial discretion.

There is a happy ending to this story. The Superior Court overruled Judge Kearney. But the original ruling of the judge ought to remain as a permanent exhibit in our judicial chamber of horrors, to remind us from time to time of our gradual loss of perspective.

Note, to begin with, the utter irrelevance of sterilization to the charged offense, which was that Mrs. Hernandez was living with a junkie, and therefore an accessory to a narcotics user. Judge Kearney gave it as his opinion that, from his knowledge of the type, it would only be a matter of time before Mrs. Hernandez herself became a heroin addict. To which an appropriate answer might be that it would only be a matter of time before he started offering, in lieu of stiff jail sentences, the rack, or the whipping post. What Mrs. Hernandez might do in the future is unrelated to what she is now in court charged with having done; and the act of sterilization is no more symmetrical to the charge of drug-taking, than, say, a frontal lobotomy is to drunken driving.

Note the bland judicial assumption that hospital procedures are of work-aday usefulness as punishment. It is one thing forcibly to hospitalize an addict on the grounds that his disease is contagious. It is another to deny to a young woman the right to have more children on the grounds that she might become an addict.

Note that the projected operation is for practical purposes as irreversible as execution. The defense produced a gynecologist who said that to undo the effects of the projected operation would require an additional operation, and that even then the chances of conception would stand at about 10 per cent.

Note the absence of any restraining principle which would inhibit a judge from ordering hands or ears to be amputated, provided penalty was inflicted by a qualified surgeon under sterile conditions, with anesthesia, instead of (as in barbarous times) by the executioner. The judge's defense, that after all he was not ordering sterilization, he was merely suggesting it as an alternative to a jail sentence, is hardly calculated to reinforce public confidence in the principle of judicial discretion.

And note, finally, the implications of a situation in which judges make sociology, exempt from constitutional scrutiny under the cruel and unusual punishment protection. This because, as a professor at the University of California writes me, "no one any longer supposes the Constitution relevant to anything actual. A community in healthier times would have tarred and feathered such a judge."

Well, the judge has been rebuked, and Mrs. Hernandez is free (under probation) to pursue her dangerous association with the dope world, though nothing that she experiences in that world is likely to be more harrowing than her experience with the municipal courts of Santa Barbara.

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The Third World War

JAMES BURNHAM

The Not So Silent Service

The Central Intelligence Agency had plenty of trouble during William F. Raborn's 13-month tour as Director, but it is wrong to heap too much blame on the honest admiral's shoulders, totally unsuited though he was for the appointment. Certainly the man who made the appointment carries his share of responsibility, and it is in any case not primarily a matter of individuals. The enduring question is whether a CIA type of organization can work in a society as democratic and open as ours.

Burnham

The Agency has had a very bad press. It has been denounced—for the most part by the Left, which correctly senses that CIA's actions are more consistently anti-Communist than those of other government agencies—as instigator of every catastrophe, bungle and crime on the global scene. Books have attacked it as an invisible government conspiring to seize world power. Senators Mansfield, Fulbright and McCarthy have aired grave doubts and proposed close congressional supervision.

Into the Vortex

The Agency has had a bad press, but the first principle to note is that *any* press, any publicity, is bad for such an agency. Anonymity and concealment are conditions for sound performance of both its tasks—intelligence and operations. The ideal condition would be public ignorance of the Agency's very existence. Anonymity, concealment and public ignorance are, however, incompatible with traditional notions of democracy and responsible government; even if they were not, the actual circumstances of American life make them almost impossible to achieve in practice. How, from any standpoint, could *every* organ of a free press be expected to collaborate permanently in concealment?

Still, it is not obligatory for CIA officials to become voluntary members of the press corps. CIA was initially conceived to be, like similar agencies in other countries, "the silent service," but its own people were the first to break silence. Why should it even be stated publicly *who* the Director of CIA is? CIA officials, headed by ex-Director Allen Dulles, have been the Agency's chief publicists: by writing books and articles on their own and by feeding material to others. Once they have thrust the Agency into the vortex of public discussion, it becomes fair game for outsiders.

From the point of view of effective performance, CIA should have no official press relations; none of its officers should be publicly identified; nothing should ever be officially admitted about its activities, whether mistakes or triumphs. If others discuss the Bay of Pigs, MIT Centers, U-2 overflights, Congresses for Cultural Freedom, Michigan seminars or airlines in Laos, let that be their affair. Mum's the word, mum's *always* the word from headquarters. An effective CIA sort of organization must be, in short, professional.

But would not such an attitude heighten the risk that CIA might get out of control and become in truth an invisible government? Of course. There is no escaping the dilemma: either professionalism and secrecy *or* ineffective performance. And what is secret is difficult to control. Senator Mansfield is wrong if he believes his proposed "congressional watchdog committee" will improve CIA's performance; it will only make its operations less secret—blown still earlier in their career by the *New York Times* or the *Washington Post*—and will inhibit bolder projects because of fear of congressional censure. If Congress and the public believe the nation needs an effective CIA, then control will have to be left tightly in the President's hands, subject only to discreet general review by a small group of responsible Congress members. The prominence of Senators like Fulbright and McCarthy in the campaign for "more control" over CIA suggests that what is really involved is a political move to shift CIA further toward anti-anti-Communism.

One Head, Two Bodies

There is, however, one basic flaw in CIA, the repair of which is properly the business of Congress. The 1947 bill setting up CIA assigned it two missions which are not merely distinct but conflicting: the gathering and analysis of intelligence (i.e. information) on the one hand; special (i.e. clandestine) operations on the other. Not only are these two different in nearly all respects except the formal requirement of secrecy; their successful practice requires quite different sorts of human abilities and temperament. When they are artificially fused in a single organization, there is an inevitable tendency to tailor intelligence to justify operations. The activist character of operations jeopardizes the more passive, long-term security needs of intelligence. Inevitably, too, operations "politicalize" the organization conducting them, so that it becomes—and quite properly should become—the object of political controversy. If word gets around that the activist outfit is supporting one faction in Ruritania, naturally this will rouse citizens who prefer another faction; but finding out the truth about Ruritania, which is the business of intelligence, is or should be independent of the political conflict. Politicalization distorts and in the end wrecks the intelligence function, which must be rigorously objective in telling its customers what they don't want to hear as well as what they do.

CIA's new Director is a professional who has the confidence of his professional associates. It would be a splendid demonstration of his own objectivity if he began by recommending a split of the agency into its two natural parts. But that is doubtless too much to hope for: no bureaucrat ever abdicates voluntarily.

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The Plot to Steal the GOP

Conservative Republicans had better wake up, says National Review's publisher, or they will find that the fleas have walked off with the blanket

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

One of the few pleasant surprises for conservatives, in the aftermath of Barry Goldwater's 1964 defeat, was the discovery that they were *not* going to be kicked bodily out of the Republican Party. On the contrary, it soon became clear that the party was still essentially conservative, and that it had no intention whatever of ricocheting into the waiting arms of its Liberal minority merely because Senator Goldwater lost an election.

But the time has come for conservatives to stop soothing themselves with this agreeable news, and pay a little attention to what is happening *today* in the GOP. Balked at the front door, the Republican Liberals are sneaking in the back. They have a well-constructed plan for taking over the national party apparatus, and they will have the job done in approximately one year if the conservatives don't get up off their *glutaei maximi* and start fighting back.

Of course, there are those who contend that control of a party out of power isn't worth having. After the next national convention in 1968 (so the argument runs), the party's Presidential nominee will predictably reorganize it in his own image anyway, so why bother?

This analysis overlooks, however, the powerful impact that events *between* now and the 1968 convention are likely to have on that convention. If the key grass-roots organizations of the party—the Women's Federation and the Young Republicans—remain (as they are today) solidly in the control of responsible conservatives, and if the Republican National Committee remains genuinely neutral, it will be difficult if not impossible for the Liberal Republicans to acquire the kind of intra-party momentum that will put them over the top in the 1968 convention. If, on the other hand, the Young Republicans and the Women's Federation can be brought under Liberal control at the conventions both are scheduled to hold in mid-1967, the pros who now dominate the Republican National Committee can be expected to get the message and to prepare without much protest to accommodate themselves to a Liberal victory under the big tent in 1968. What conservative Republicans do not realize, or seem incapable of reacting to, is the fact that the Liberals are well on their way to bringing off precisely this multiple coup: not because they have some overwhelmingly popular candidate who can compel it (they don't); not because they are the representatives of a majority of Republicans (they aren't); not because they could dominate a national convention if one were held today (they couldn't); not because they have the slightest claim to the moral or intellectual leadership of the party (they haven't)—but solely and simply because conservative Republicans haven't awakened to the danger and begun resisting it. Unless and until they do, there is a very real danger that the fleas will walk off with the Army blanket.

Liberal Takeover?

Of course, the easiest way for Liberal Republicans to take over the GOP would have been to sweep into control of the Republican National Committee itself, in the months following Goldwater's defeat. It is, after all, a hoary tradition that our political parties atone for their national defeats by sacking the incumbent chairman of the party's national committee. By that test, Republican National Chairman Dean Burch was fair game when Barry Goldwater was snowed under on November 3, 1964, and there is considerable evidence that he knew it and was prepared to go quietly. But it did not necessarily follow that Republican conservatives were ready, or that they ought to have been ready, to hand over the GOP to its febrile clutch of house Liberals as a sort of voluntary act of political bankruptcy. For one thing, the Liberal Republicans did not, and do not today, possess either the numbers or the talent to run the party successfully. Time was—and not so long ago, either—when the Eastern Establishment (the Liberals' home base) was smart and rich and vigorous enough to beat Mr. Republican himself, Bob Taft, and do it in convention after convention. But there were giants in those days, and one may be forgiven for concluding that the blood has run a little thin when it must be sought in the depleted capillaries of the current generation of "moderates."

But there was another and still more compelling reason why conservative Republicans, in December 1964, were not disposed to surrender the leadership of the party to the Liberals altogether: they believed profoundly that their analysis of America's problems was the correct one, and they had by no means despaired that it might one day—and perhaps soon—win popular approval. In all the circumstances, and after a discreet nose-count, conservative Republicans were definitely disposed to fight to retain control of the Republican National Committee. It might, many agreed, be wise to honor tradition, and also absorb the first shock of the inevitable attack, by permitting Dean Burch to return to his Tucson law practice; but it seemed certain that Barry Goldwater could name—in effect, dictate the election of—just about anybody else within reason to succeed Burch as chairman.

Instead Goldwater, for reasons best known to himself, decided that it had to be Burch again Or Else, and the word went forth to that effect. With some private reservations, and a silent prayer that Goldwater had counted

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right, the nation's leading conservative Republicans trooped out onto the indicated limb—only to feel it crack and give way beneath them early in 1965 as Goldwater, belatedly concluding that Burch was either flatly unelectable or at least symbolically intolerable to a substantial segment of the party, abandoned the effort to keep him in office. In the ensuing scramble—over which Goldwater still exercised a veto power, though no longer a deciding voice—the chairmanship passed to Ray Bliss, of whom it could be, and still can be, said that his ideological preferences, if any, are known but to God.

Under Bliss, the Republican National Committee has stuck reasonably close to the middle of the Republican road. The heavily conservative staff that ran the Goldwater campaign has, inevitably, been almost entirely replaced—but largely with faceless professionals not publicly beholden to any particular faction. The problem of raising money for the party has been turned over to Gen. Lucius Clay, who is undeniably a member of the Eastern Establishment; but then, to borrow a phrase from Barry Goldwater, that is "where the ducks are"—or, more precisely, where (at least until 1964) the GOP tradition found the largest concentration of geese capable of laying golden eggs. For the rest, Ray Bliss has, at one time or another, irritated all factions about equally, and that is perhaps the surest indication that he is not playing favorites.

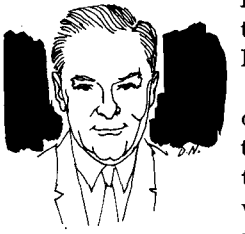
Partly because they realize this, conservative Republicans have in general been slow to criticize Bliss. But they have also been deterred by uncertainty as to their own future course. There is as yet no conservative candidate for the Presidential nomination eager to lead them up San Juan Hill in 1968 as Barry Goldwater did in 1964. At the moment, most conservative Republicans probably feel, rather gloomily, that Nixon is the best they can hope for. Some few even wonder whether anything can be done with Romney. Almost all would cheerfully work for Ronald Reagan; but he must first subdue Pat Brown and may well not even want the nomination in 1968. In any case, whatever their personal hopes or fears, conservatives have largely been content, for the reasons aforesaid, to leave the Republican National Committee in the calmly professional hands of Mr. Bliss, who so long and so openly coveted its chairmanship (even though he must wish, nowadays, that he had gone into some relatively relaxing occupation, like crossing Niagara Falls on a tightrope).

The Liberal view of matters has, naturally, been rather different. No doubt they had supposed that, after what they always describe with such relish as the "debacle" (or "disaster," or "catastrophe") of November 1964, control of the Republican Party would pass into their hands more or less by operation of law. They must have been dismayed, therefore, to note the strength that could still be assembled in the RNC in January 1965 for the re-election of Dean Burch—that arch-symbol of the "discredited" Goldwater faction in the party. There is, moreover, reason to believe that they were a good deal less than wholly satisfied with Bliss as Burch's eventual successor. But the necessary assurances have a way of being given all round in these ticklish situations, even if a little inconsistency is involved; and in due course the Liberals, like the conservatives, accepted Ray Bliss as a caretaker chairman.

The Liberal acquiescence in the Bliss regime was fortified by the failure, after 1964, of any one Liberal Republican figure to move rapidly to the fore, consolidate the others behind him, and advance confidently toward the 1968 nomination—a process which might have swept the RNC into his rucksack almost *en passant*.

If the conservatives have not over Horeb heard the blast of advent blow, neither have the Liberals. And their failure to do so is much harder to explain. It was, after all, a conservative who lost in 1964; it would not be surprising if it took some time for the conservatives to recover their breath and their momentum. But, despite an almost embarrassingly cooperative press, not a single Liberal Republican has yet really captured the national imagination. Romney, whose Liberal credentials may turn out to be forged anyway, remains somehow unfocused—vigorous but vague. Rockefeller still plucks futilely away at his various disabilities. Lindsay's star ascended heavenward in 1965, but even Murray Kempton has blanched at what he belatedly detects behind that handsome, mirthless façade. As for Kuchel, Case, Hatfield, Evans . . . Brooke? . . . Javits? Now *really*.

Yet, to their credit, the Liberal Republicans have not allowed themselves to be lulled into inactivity or impotence by the absence of a red-hot candidate, or by the determined neutralism of the National Committee. Correctly assessing the balance of forces within the party, they have moved to seize control of its two semi-autonomous arms: the Young Republicans and the Women's Federation.



It is no accident that these two organizations are bulwarks of conservative sentiment within the Republican Party. They are the only two branches of the party apparatus that elect their national officers in grass-roots conventions, and the grass roots of the GOP are as solidly conservative as they ever were.

In the case of the Women's Federation, ideology does not seem to have played much part in its affairs until 1962, when Katherine Kennedy Brown of Ohio and Ione Harrington of Indiana (later Co-Chairman of the National Draft Goldwater Committee) provided the pro-Goldwater muscle to back up Dorothy Elston of Delaware, an outspoken conservative, when she was elected chairman of the organization. Mrs. Elston was re-elected without opposition in 1964, and—since her Board of Directors has set the next convention for May 1967—her second term will expire at that time.

Conservative dominance of the Young Republican National Federation dates from 1957, when John Ashbrook (now the redoubtable congressman from Ohio) was elected as its Chairman. Conservatives have won

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every biennial convention since (with the exception of 1961, which the Liberals captured as a result of an internal squabble among the dominant conservatives), and are today represented in the chairmanship of the organization by Tom R. Van Sickle, a 28-year-old Kansas state senator who served as Director of Field Organization of the National Citizens Committee for Goldwater and Miller.

Conservative YRNF

In recent years, in fact, conservative control of the YRNF has become so customary that its critics have labeled its leaders "the Syndicate," and have sought to depict themselves heroically as "the Gangbusters." But the truth is that the continuing dominance of the conservative faction in the YRNF is a tribute to its own good judgment: for it has stoutly reflected the basically conservative temper of the Young Republicans across the country, while firmly refusing to be lured into the fever-swamps of right kookery (represented in Young Republican circles by the delegation from California, which vies with the Liberals in its detestation of "the Syndicate").

It is against these two organizations—the Women's Federation and the Young Republicans—that the Republican Liberals have deployed their guns for the preliminary battles looking toward the convention of 1968. The master gunners are Craig Truax, Republican State Chairman of Pennsylvania, and Governor Robert Smylie of Idaho.

Truax, who labors in the shadow of Governor William Scranton, is reported to grieve that he is cast in what the late Forrest Davis described as the most thankless of medieval roles: minister to an idiot king. (Witness the famous "Scranton letter" in San Francisco, which Scranton never saw.) But Truax's ambitions are boundless, and it may be that when Scranton leaves the governorship in January 1967 Truax will find more scope for his restless talents.

Smylie, too, is handicapped by his origins: Idaho is not precisely the Mother of Presidents, or even of Vice Presidents. But Smylie has maneuvered himself into a position of some prominence as chairman of a group called the Republican Governors' Association, and exhibits a lively interest in political developments outside the Gem State.

These two politicos are abetted, in their operations against Republican conservatives, by a handful of influential political reporters and columnists who have made the Liberal cause their own. First among these, if only by virtue of that automatic seniority that accrues to the representative of the *New York Times,* is David Broder, of the *Times'* Washington staff. Next is Robert Novak, the livelier half of the syndicated team of Evans and Novak, who appear in the *New York Herald Tribune* and are also widely followed in Washington and other key cities. Novak, in turn, is understudied by a young Rockefeller protégé named Bruce Chapman, who has the run of the *Trib's* editorial offices. Among other writers who can be counted on to join in any chorus struck up by Broder and Novak are such certified Liberals as Charles Nicodemus of the *Chicago Daily News,* Robert Asher of the *Washington Post,* Paul Hope of the *Washington Star* and James Perry of the *National Observer.*

With press agents like those, even the Cherry Sisters could look good. Truax and Smylie swung into action at the 1965 convention of the Young Republican National Federation in Miami Beach, backing a furniture salesman from North Carolina named Flaherty against Van Sickle. Flaherty was duly clobbered, and has subsequently caused a good deal of merriment in "Syndicate" circles by advising the Deauville Hotel in Miami Beach to forward his very considerable statement of account directly to Mr. Truax in Harrisburg, Pa. Smylie's contribution to the 1965 festivities was a cute trick from Idaho named Hope Kading, whose lavishly financed candidacy for the co-chairmanship of the YRs was stopped dead in its tracks by the conservative entry, Jill Dover.

But Mrs. Kading and her governor bided their time, and in due course got their revenge. A conservative minority faction of the (Liberal-controlled) New Jersey YRs, jovially nicknamed the "Rat Finks," had the misfortune to harbor in its midst some unknown irresponsible who composed and circulated a number of racist song-parodies in New Jersey and subsequently at the Miami Beach convention. Mrs. Kading, piloted by Governor Smylie, knew just what to do. The Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith was notified, and in due course the deadly charge was brayed across the nation's front pages: the conservative "Rat Finks" of New Jersey were arraigned, *en masse,* for anti-Semitism and other forms of racism. Investigations, conducted with maximum publicity, were launched by Truax's New Jersey allies and will continue, apparently, forever. A whole series of reputations, including that of the leading "Rat Fink," Richard Plechner (himself partly Jewish), have been dragged through the mud without the slightest evidence or justification. Moreover, since Plechner and his faction supported Van Sickle at Miami Beach, every effort has been made to link the national leadership of the Young Republicans —the real target in the long run—to one unknown sick mind in New Jersey.

Poor Finks

In pursuit of this higher goal, Truax and his fellow Pennsylvanian and ideological ally, Sen. Hugh Scott, raised the "Rat Fink" issue at the June 20 meeting of the Republican National Committee in Washington, accusing YR Chairman Van Sickle of failing to support efforts to rid New Jersey Young Republicanism of its supposed racist fringe. Van Sickle reasonably pointed out that the first responsibility for policing the New Jersey YRs lay with the state's own YR and senior chairmen (a telling point, since both are allies of Truax), but vowed that if these officials did not promptly expel all identifiable racists from the New Jersey YR organization, its charter would be revoked by the National Federation. Faced with the necessity of actually hunting for the anonymous songsmith, New Jersey's Liberal Republicans chose instead to use the issue to cripple their local conservative opposition, and ruthlessly suspended the charters of the recognized Young Republican organizations in no less than seven of the state's 21 counties —thus unjustly but permanently tarring with the implicit stain of racism an estimated two thousand decent young men and women, or slightly

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over half of the active Young Republicans in New Jersey. Say what you will about Truax, Smylie and their allies, they know how to fight dirty; but by introducing broad-brush charges of anti-Semitism and white racism as a weapon for regular use in intramural conflicts, they may have opened wounds that will be long in healing.

The richest irony in this whole appalling affair is provided by the fact that Truax and Smylie, in their cynical effort to smear their targets with the charge of racism, have not hesitated to ally themselves with the authentic right-wing extremists, both in New Jersey and nationally, who share their hatred of the responsibly conservative YRs. In New Jersey, for example, Plechner and his "Rat Finks" were narrowly defeated for state control of the YRs by an alliance of John Birch Young Republicans and the very Liberals who look for guidance to senior State Chairman Webster Todd—and, beyond him, to his ideological mentor across the Delaware, Craig Truax. And in California, where (as previously noted) impassioned kookery has found its firmest foothold in Young Republicanism, the state YRs in 1965 went down the line for Flaherty and Kading—the candidates of Truax and Smylie!

Conventions Ahead

The struggle for control of the national YRs is far from over; it may be expected to blaze hotter in the months ahead, and to reach a climax at the YR national convention in Omaha in June 1967. Certainly the intentions of the Liberal Republicans are no longer in doubt—as witness these excerpts from a remarkably candid report by the *Washington Star*'s aforementioned Paul Hope concerning Sen. Scott's attack on YR Chairman Van Sickle at the June 20 meeting of the RNC:

> Scott believes control of the auxiliary organizations to the national committee—such as the Young Republican Federation, the Republican Women's Federation and the College Republican Organization—are [*sic*] of major significance in the nominating process. He contends these groups, through their publications, speakers and convention activities, can get the bandwagon rolling for a Presidential candidate . . .
>
> The next move of the moderates is to oust conservatives from the leadership of the YRs. Scott claims this will be done at the YR convention next year.
>
> But removal of Goldwater conservatives from YR leadership is only one step in the moderates' objective to take control of the party.

One might ordinarily be excused for discounting rather heavily the proclamations of Hugh Scott, a hot-air factory whose cubic capacity is an object of envious admiration even in Washington, where the competition is fierce. But this description of the intentions of the "moderates" is authoritative; and certainly the cause of conservative Republicanism has been gravely damaged by the "Rat Fink" imbroglio, as lip-smackingly reported by the journalistic allies of Smylie and Truax. Meanwhile, this ingenious pair is not overlooking the Women's Federation either. Its convention is set even earlier—for May 1967, in Washington, D.C.

The lines in that particular struggle are not yet clear, but of one thing we may be sure: if the outcome can possibly be described by a hostile press as a victory for Liberalism, it will be. This puts a heavy burden on the conservatives in the Women's Federation to choose their objective judiciously, and then to achieve it at all costs. For if the May 1967 convention of the Women's Federation were to result in a rout of the conservatives, this would inevitably have a demoralizing effect on the conservative YRs who must defend their own bastion in June. And if these too were to be defeated, the elated Liberals would naturally shriek that the verdict of the grass roots was clear—and there would be no lack of opportunists in the party ready to agree and climb aboard the bandwagon for the ride to 1968.

None of this is inevitable. Indeed, if only the conservative Republicans awake to the peril in time, it isn't even likely. But the few conservative Republican leaders who might sound the alarm and lead the counterattack are strangely silent. Barry Goldwater, whose merest growl, even today, could throw the Smylie-Truax entente permanently on the defensive, seems reluctant to use his strength. Richard Nixon, singlemindedly pursuing his devious path toward the White House, is far too afraid of offending anyone to meddle in such touchy matters. F. Clifton White, brooding over the scene from his 35th-floor eyrie in Manhattan's Chanin Building, has yet to make a move. As a result the Young Republican National Federation has borne the initial brunt of the Liberal attack for no better reason than that its leaders are young and hence easily vulnerable. The YRs have had to fend off as best they could a truly savage smear-job engineered by thoroughgoing professionals with far higher (or is it lower?) aims in view. In this distinctly cold-blooded process, some of the nation's most responsible young conservatives have heard themselves lashed as "bigoted and immature young hellions" and "brain-twisted deviates" (by Sen. Scott) and even as "gray-flanneled Hell's Angels" (by *Life*). And you may be sure that the turn of the Women's Federation is coming next: already *Life* has linked it to the YRs by the sneering epithet "rowdies and dowdies," and it is by no means far-fetched to expect that Truax and Co. will soon find, among the nation's active Republican women, another few thousand "racists" for their busy guillotine.

Liberals on the March

A highly informed Liberal journalist recently confided to friends that if another Republican national convention were held tomorrow the conservatives, in his opinion, would still control it. He is probably right; but the next convention will not be held tomorrow. It will not be held until the summer of 1968—after a lot more water has gone over the dam. Whether that convention is controlled by conservatives or Liberals will depend upon the totality of intervening events —the YR and Women's conventions, the primaries, and much else. Conservatives, therefore, had better wake up to the fact that the Liberals are already on the march. Unless they are resisted, their victory is assured.

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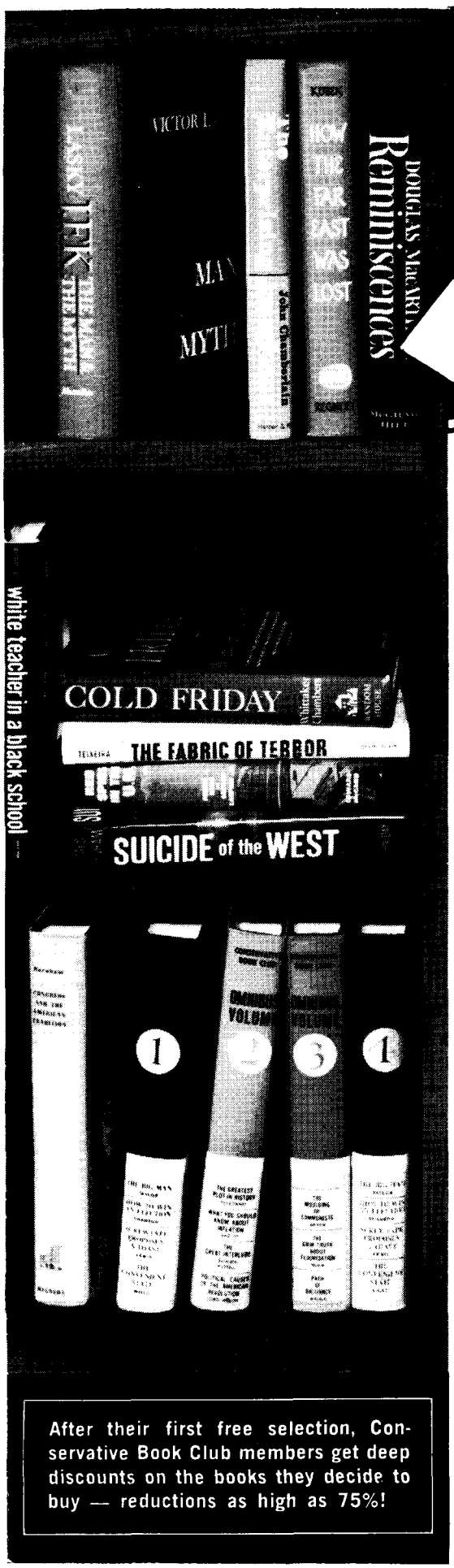

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Letter from the Continent

Europe's Unsettled Borders

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Only two borders in Free Europe are, whatever their status in international law, not accepted by either of the states involved: the Austro-Italian border dissecting the Tyrol, and the tiny neutral zone separating Gibraltar from Spain. In Eastern Europe there are several hotly contested borders. Although a Moscow-imposed ban on discussion keeps them out of the news, the nations involved are burningly dissatisfied. Rumania resents the loss of Bessarabia and the northern Bukowina to the USSR; Hungary still claims its historic boundaries; the Bulgars dream of Bulgarian Macedonia; the Poles are convinced that the Teschen region is theirs; and the Finns cannot forget western Karelia or their lost ice-free outlet to the Arctic Ocean.

Kuehnelt-Leddihn

Border of Contention

But none of these claims can, for far-reaching international implications, compare in importance to the problem of the so-called Oder-Neisse Line. If we are to believe the late Sir Winston Churchill, the idea of compensating the Poles for loss of 51 per cent of their eastern territory by allocating to them German land to the west was entirely his. While it is probably true that Churchill had in mind the eastern and not the western Neisse River, the proposal *in itself* was a terrific blow to the Free World since its effect was to link Poland to the Soviet camp. No freely elected German government could be expected to accept the border thus defined; and Poland was driven, in dread of German claims, to seek Soviet support.

From the viewpoint of other nations, the Oder-Neisse Line has no legal standing, the Potsdam Agreement having declared that final settlement of the German frontiers must await a peace treaty that has never been drawn up. At Potsdam, the Poles were given the right to eject the German population in an "orderly fashion," and the Soviets got the same privilege in northern East Prussia. The result was a mass migration westward of 10 million Germans, of whom one million perished on the trek. Such is the effect of the passage of time that, while West German resentment against the Czechs still smolders, their attitude toward the Poles is: "We've both had it; let's call it quits."

In West Germany there is desperate eagerness to establish contacts with the Poles, to meet Poles, to see Polish films and art exhibitions, to build political bridges to Poland. West Germany has no diplomatic representation in Poland, only a "commercial mission," and the Communist regime, needless to say, is far more anti-German (i.e. anti-West German) than the population itself. The hatred for Germany is kept alive by costly poster propaganda, and every sign of rapprochement between Poland and West Germany is immediately stamped as treason: for example, Cardinal Wyszynski's letter to the German bishops. The propagandists have it that the Polish bishops are repudiating the Oder-Neisse Line; their gesture of extending a hand to the Germans in Christian amity is proof that they would sell out their homeland. And the Pope, who does not formally recognize the Oder-Neisse line as an international border, is pictured as a pro-German fascist by Communist propaganda.

As can be clearly seen in this case, the Communists in Warsaw and Moscow are still exploiting the calamitous and immensely vague Yalta and Potsdam stipulations. Not only do they thunder against the militarists and *revanchistes* in Bonn, they are also cleverly driving a wedge between Germans and Poles and between Germans and many of their allies who dread being dragged into an issue not to their liking. Who, after all, wants a strong Germany? Here is another aspect of the Oder-Neisse issue. It can also be used to drive a wedge between nationalist Poles and their hierarchy, between the hierarchy and the Vatican, and between Polish and German Christians. The rupture is intended, no less than the Iron Curtain dividing Germany, to keep the parties apart for some time. The Hitler-Stalin legacy of 1945 is apparently to be with us forever.

What Price Compromise?

Some Germans are quite ready to accept the Oder-Neisse line. There are East Germans now living in the West who have no desire to return to their ancestral lands. There is also the grave problem of five to six million Poles settled in East Germany. All these factors work for the *status quo*. But the German government cannot surrender what precisely on the ground of democratic self-determination is rightfully its. Any German party yielding on this issue would lose millions of votes, thereby committing political suicide. The German government believes that some day a compromise will be reached—a compromise, not total surrender. One cannot with the stroke of a pen give up cities like Königsberg (now sovietized Kaliningrad), Breslau, Stettin — the lands where Kant, Herder, Angelus Silesius, Hamann and Eichendorff were born. Yet it is true that neither will the Poles easily relinquish the lands of Jan Sobieski, Kosciuszko, Joseph Conrad, Pilsudski, Mickiewicz and Slowacki. Did the French ever forget Alsace-Lorraine, a tiny part of their country inhabited largely by Germans?

All of which means that there are two Polish and two German problems outstanding. They are bound to figure prominently in European politics for some time to come and powerfully to affect the future history of the continent. President de Gaulle's visit to the Kremlin last week was not expected to do anything to lessen West German suspicion that France also favors settling Germany's western frontier on the Oder-Neisse.

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Malverne: Integration Is Not Enough

How a quiet, unsegregated school district on Long Island became a noisy battleground in the war on 'racial imbalance'

B. J. DE NOIE

I have seen many news photographs of public demonstrations of one sort or another in recent years but, for me, the recent shots of nine Malverne, L.I. mothers crying out in anger and frustration from a Police Department paddy-wagon were especially distressing. What could have driven these women, whom I know to be respectable, law-abiding citizens, to such an extremity? The answer lies in an uncompromising integration order, with which, unhappily, I am all too familiar, delivered upon the Malverne school district. As a member of the Malverne Board of Education for six years—and its president for the period 1963-1965—I too have struggled unsuccessfully against the usurpation of our board's authority, and I fully share the resentment of these mothers at Albany's use of Malverne as a test case for its latest education experiment.

No Segregation

The clear mandate of the court in *Brown* v. *Board of Education* (1954) that no child should be denied access to the school nearest him solely on the basis of race has always been honored in Malverne. As a lifelong resident and a product of the district schools from kindergarten through senior high school, I can attest that segregation as a deliberate, conscious act to separate and maintain apart students of different races has never existed here. All along there have been Negroes in the school district, comprising parts of the villages of Malverne and Lynbrook and the unincorporated area of Lakeview. Three elementary schools serve these areas: the Lindner Place school serving Malverne; the Davison Avenue School, Lynbrook; and the Woodfield Road school, Lakeview. Most of the Negro families live in Lakeview, as they did 35 years ago when I attended elementary school. Even then, however, a Negro family lived five blocks from my home in Lynbrook and the children attended the Davison Avenue school with me. If the district had practiced segregation in the true sense, those children would have attended a school designated solely for Negroes, but in fact no such school existed.

In 1959, at the time of the first organized agitation in our district by national racial groups, the Woodfield Road School had approximately 35 to 40 per cent Negro enrolment, drawn from families living in the Lakeview area. (State law prohibits notations of race in school records, hence my approximation of the percentage.) I was elected to the School Board in that year and informed that we were to give the overcrowding problems of the Woodfield Road school top priority. Building a new school in Lakeview was out of the question. Two propositions to that effect had been defeated on grounds of de facto segregation. No building sites outside the Lakeview area were then available. With Education Department approval we decided to expand the centrally located junior high school to accommodate the sixth grades of all three elementary schools, effective as of the Fall Term, 1961. This action brought about: 1) the relief of overcrowding at Woodfield Road school; 2) a totally integrated program for grades six through twelve in junior and senior high schools; and 3) the opening up of space at Davison and Lindner, to which students from Woodfield were transferred, ensuring substantial racial integration. This program did not satisfy the local Negro leaders, and in June 1962 a protest sit-in was staged in the office of our superintendent of schools. The School Board decided to bring the matter to the attention of the New York State Education Commissioner's newly-formed Advisory Committee on Human Relations and Community Tensions, headed by Dr. John F. Fischer (referred to hereafter as the "Fischer Committee").

I myself had grave misgivings about taking the problem outside the locality, but a meeting with the Fischer Committee was set for August 22, 1962 over my objections. The composition of the Committee at that time deserves to be noted. Dr. Fischer, dean of Teachers College, Columbia University, had been a vigorous critic of the State Education Department's racial census and the proposed forced integration program which grew out of it. He had been contemptuous of the very idea of "racial balance" in the schools: "I don't know what a good mix of white and Negro students is—50-50, 60-40 or 90-10. . . ." One can only speculate on State Education Commissioner James E. Allen Jr.'s reasons for appointing such an educator to his Committee, but the appointment of two high-ranking officials of the NAACP—Rabbi Judah Kahn and Dr. Kenneth Clark—guaranteed Fischer's containment.

High-Handed Committee

Our meeting with the Fischer Committee was memorably brief. The Board had prepared a detailed report, which it presented along with a statement of our good will and an invitation to visit the district and examine its schools. Within minutes we discovered that the Committee was interested only in showing us how to reorganize the school system, altering geographical boundaries and erasing neighborhood lines where necessary, in order to effect instantaneous quantitative integration.

On September 7, 1962 charges were brought against our school district by

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a Negro pupil, Patricia Ann Mitchell, *et al.* The petition for relief carried five allegations of misconduct and discrimination. All five were denied in oral presentation before the State Education Commissioner on November 7, 1962 and the case was turned back to the Fischer Committee with instructions to "conduct a special study of the situation in District 12." (What had we asked it to do in August?) The School Board should have rejected this outright, on grounds that no legal action sponsored by NAACP counsel should be judged by a committee two of whose three policy-making members are national officers of the NAACP. We did nothing.

On January 21, 1963 our School Board again met with the Fischer Committee. We were praised for setting and maintaining high standards of education. We were also informed that the Woodfield Road school was a splendid school. (Since our first meeting the Committee had visited the school district.) Two committee statements on that occasion are worth noting. The first, made by Dr. Clark, was: "Empirically, it has been determined that segregated schools are inferior." No documentation was offered (we supposed the empiricism did away with the need for proof), but we thought the statement even more remarkable for its irrelevance, since our district schools were not then and never had been segregated. Dr. Fischer introduced an even more arresting train of thought. "If a solution can be found that will be acceptable," he said, *"we can determine policy for other boards."* (Italics mine.) So it seemed that Malverne was to be made a test case in the great experiment.

Throughout this period, we were alert to developments in similar cases. On January 31, 1963 a suit charging racial discrimination in the schools of Gary, Ind. was rejected by U.S. District Court Judge George W. Beamer, who stated that "racial imbalance" was a consequence of Gary's residential pattern and that the courts have no affirmative duty to integrate the races "so as to bring out . . . a racial balance in each of the various schools in the system." It seemed to us that the application of the Beamer decision to the Malverne case could not be clearer. (The Gary decision, incidentally, was upheld by the Supreme Court by its refusal to grant a hearing.)

On May 3, 1963 the Fischer Committee report on Malverne was released to the press. We were gratified to learn that the five allegations in the Mitchell petition had been rejected on the facts. We were glad to know that the Committee had not found us guilty "of any deliberate action . . . to create artificial school zones in an attempt to contain the Negro school population." We were not to consider ourselves exonerated just yet, though. The Committee report went on: "Is the Woodfield Road School a racially imbalanced school? If it is [and the Committee ruled that it was—B.J. DeN.], then it follows that the social, psychological and educational problems which are ordinarily found in segregated or racially imbalanced schools are present in this situation." Here, then is the essence of the "new dimension" in education the Committee was charged to formulate: *racial imbalance* equals *segregation*—hence inferiority. To the best of my knowledge, this was the first such semi-official pronouncement that segregation and racial imbalance are synonymous.

The Allen Plan

On June 7, 1963 our Board submitted its comment on the Committee's report to Commissioner Allen. We asked the Committee, in the interests of the children involved, to submit proof that racial imbalance of itself curbs educational opportunities, before demanding that the educationally sound (in the Committee's own judgment) procedures of the district be scrapped. No substantiation was offered, nor has it been to this day, and the Malverne Board concludes, plausibly, that proof simply does not exist.

Our response also defended the neighborhood school. We quoted the Education Department's own statement of January 5, 1962: "It is our view that . . . there is nothing in the [Supreme Court] decision or in the Constitution of the United States that holds that the neighborhood school concept as such is improper." Having observed with dismay the re-segregation of Washington D.C., Philadelphia and St. Louis on disruption of those cities' neighborhood school systems, the Malverne school board warned the Fischer Committee that if Proposal 1 (later the Allen Plan, requiring the removal of large numbers of primary grade children from their neighborhood schools) were implemented, the entire school district might become a Negro ghetto.

On June 14, Commissioner Allen, rejecting four alternative proposals offered by the Malverne school board, ordered implementation of Proposal 1, to wit: "Reorganize the attendance areas of the district so that all pupils from kindergarten to grade 3 inclusive, will attend either the Davison Avenue or the Lindner Place elementary school. All pupils in grades 4 and 5 will attend the Woodfield Road school. All pupils in grades 6 to 12 will, of course, attend the Junior and Senior High School as they do now." Thus the Allen Plan was imposed upon Malverne.

Reaction in the community was electric, with almost total polarization of opinion. The School Board, seeking a middle ground, organized a Coordinating Council of clergymen and political figures from the three areas. Council members, as private citizens, sent urgent requests to the Commissioner for an informal meeting. All such overtures were rejected, and the citizens advised to seek redress in a judicial action. Whereupon the Malverne School Board engaged counsel to present its petition before the State Education Commission.

On August 6, 1963, the Commissioner held a "hearing to determine whether a hearing should be held." The Board pleaded that, on the basis of section 3201 of the State Education Law, whereby "no person shall be refused admission into or be excluded from any public school in the state of New York on account of race, creed, color or national origin," implementation of Proposal 1 would deny Malverne children the right to enroll in their neighborhood school on the basis of color. Predictably, the Commissioner declined to rule against himself, and it was left to the Board to decide on a course of action. The alternatives were few. The Board could move to take the Commissioner to court on a charge of "arbitrary and capricious action," a course which I personally favored. Or, it

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could accept the Commissioner's order and introduce the Allen Plan into the district's schools. After agonizing deliberation, the Board placed the matter before an independent law firm, and received its opinion that the Board probably could not prevail in a court of law, giving a projection of $30,000 in fees and costs to take the case to the Supreme Court. Discouraged, the Board once again elected to approach the Commissioner with an alternative to Proposal 1. Of thirteen plans, all having merit, it chose one which would 1) advance the Commissioner's objectives without subjecting the kindergartners and lower-grade children to arduous travel, 2) follow the Commissioner's order for grades one through five, exclusive of the kindergarten, and 3) withhold one grade each of the children in those five grades who would have to go farther than their neighborhood school to reach the new school. This plan was submitted to the Commissioner, and to district leaders both white and Negro, on August 16. It was rejected shortly thereafter, at which point Taxpayers and Parents (not to be confused with the similarly named and oriented Parents and Taxpayers group) brought suit against the Commissioner of Education and the State Board of Education. Implementation of Proposal 1 has been stayed for the time being. Certiorari has been denied, and so the case rests.

What is the core of our Board's position? Not civil rights, certainly: there was no violation of civil rights until the "Allen order" was issued, and then the violation under Section 3201 was clearly against white children. The essential position of the Board is that, without documentation or substantiation of wrongdoing, the Commissioner usurped the prerogative of local control clearly assigned the Board under Section 1709, New York State Education Law.

Malverne, which has never visited the shame of segregation on any of its children, and which I pride myself had done more, earlier, than any other school district on Long Island to alleviate racial imbalance and overcrowding, has taken shape in the news media as another Birmingham. Nothing much here conduces to clarity, except perhaps the majority statement of the Court of Appeals in *Vetere* v. *Commissioner Allen and School District #12* that the legislature "has endowed the [State Education] Commissioner with an all but absolute power." Consider together with this the comment of Justice Scileppi in his minority dissent: "When the Commissioner states that he is acting in furtherance of sound educational policies, albeit there is no evidence on the record to support him, the majority [of the court] holds that *the courts will not be available for review.*" (Italics mine.)

You Ought to Know What You're Talking About—

When the Subject Is Lasers

THEODORE STURGEON

You needn't read any more arrogance into that title than is really there. I'll give you much humble seasoning: most of the material I'll give you in these columns is stuff I didn't know either until I researched it for you. I'm doing it, however, because by golly somebody has to. The general public attitude toward science is so similar to the general attitude toward the Devil a couple of centuries ago that it's frightening. Be it known, therefore, that there is a profound distinction. You can't actually prove the extent of any of the Devil's powers, nor their limitations. In any aspect of scientific technology, you can.

And you should. In 1954 I was interviewed on network radio on the subject of earth satellites. The tone assumed by my interlocutor was one of barely concealed derision, his technique was to ask the listeners subliminally to join him in laughter at this new breed of astrology, and his posture was one of jovial caution, humoring me lest I catch on to what he was up to and become violent. He certainly was not alone in his conviction that artificial satellites would not happen, could not happen, and probably should not. Yet on the night of April 30, 1958, the eve of the first May Day after Sputnik, reporters in seven U. S. cities were stationed on rooftops with their cameramen and spent the night watching the moon, because of a rumor that the Russians would dye it red. Honest. The ability of the public mind to shift overnight from total disbelief to the faith which transcends reason is, once you look at it, infinitely more astonishing than anything science itself has accomplished, yea, or the Devil.

Hence these effusions. Periodically I shall share marvels with you, always those which will increasingly include themselves in your daily conversation, and may you find implicit in each of them a sense of limitation. Now let's talk about lasers.

Let us establish first of all that *laser* is not the comparative of *lazy,* but the acronym of *L*ight *A*mplification by the *S*timulated *E*mission of *R*adiation. It is the sibling of the *maser,** which means *M*icrowave et cetera. But before I go into any description of these incredibly simple and potent devices, enjoy this human interest note:

The first U. S. maser went into operation six years ago at IBM in Yorktown Heights, N.Y., under the capable hands of 29-year-old Dr. Peter Sorokin and Dr. Mirek Stevenson, 30. Sorokin's father had been a very articulate critic of his native Russian regime many years ago and was exiled. He became a noted U. S. sociologist, his wife is a biology professor at Harvard, and his son is one of our foremost physicists. Stevenson was eighteen in his native Prague when he won a scholarship set up by World War I ambulance drivers, and came to this country to attend the Germantown Friends School in Philadelphia, and to proceed through Columbia to a Ph.D. Give four points

*Which is not the comparative of Macy, either. That would be Gimbel.

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plus to the lady with the lamp beside the golden door.

I'll mostly bypass the maser for now, except to identify it as an electronic amplifier of exceedingly simple basic design, with the ability to amplify almost nothing but "signal" and almost no "noise." It is used primarily to catch, boost, and re-transmit the microwave radio beams which now compose most of the network of communications—telephone, radio, data transmission, television, and telegraph —which has all but obsoleted long distance wires and cables.

Do-It-Yourself Laser

Here's how to whip up a laser (and actually, there is a kit now on the market). Take a cylindrical rod of absolutely pure aluminum oxide—'ruby' is a four-letter word you can call it—and mix in five chromium atoms for each 2,000 of aluminum. Grind both ends of the rod optically flat, do a thorough job of silvering (like a mirror) one end, and a halfway job of silvering the other. Now take a long tubular glass photoflash and wind it in a tight spiral around the ruby rod. To the photoflash tube, connect a little black box which will make the tube flash at whatever frequency you select. ("Frequency" only means "how often," yet you'd be surprised how many minds go blank when they hear it.) And that really is all there is to it.

You turn it on, the helix flashes, and when the frequency is just right, from the half-silvered end of the ruby rod emerges a beam of light of purest red, with all its photons traveling in virtually parallel paths. It fans out so very little that recently a laser beam half an inch across put down a disc of light less than 20 miles wide on the moon, 240,000 miles away.

What can you do with a beam of absolutely pure, absolutely parallel light?

Depending on certain modifications of the basic device, you can construct a scalpel (as one surgeon put it) of "infinite thinness"—so fine that it can slice a single red blood cell into twenty slices. Or you can design an anti-tank weapon, a real Buck Rogers zap-gun, which without recoil can knock a hot hole as big as your head in armor plate two miles away, ignoring windage, and with an absolutely straight line as a trajectory. You can modulate your laser beam with speech or other information, and have communication easily aimed to its exact destination and no other, even if it is thousands of miles away out in space. You can mill metal at high speed by making molten only the top few thousandths and wiping it off instead of abrading or cutting it. It is easy to imagine "lighthouses" in precise orbits not only handling communications catch-and-boost like radio relay towers on earth, but laying down laser "rails" for space ships to ride between the planets. And "a laser beam should be able to handle a billion simultaneous communications," says an unnamed physicist quoted by Stanley Engelbart, "but where are we going to find this much talk? Suppose we construct a laser channel between New York and Washington . . . such a channel would be like building an eight-lane highway for a traffic flow of one hundred cars. The thing would be idle most of the day." I find that last infinitely refreshing, in this cosmos of two little *Lebensraum,* too little food, too few jobs, trades, original writing, new jokes, and unspoiled tropical paradises. Think of that—an area so capacious that there's no point in creating it—we couldn't use it all, ever.

Like women and Worcestershire sauce, the laser is simple to perceive but rather formidable to explain. I shall attempt it.

Atomos, the indivisible, was quite adequate a model for two millennia of scientific and philosophic observers and thinkers—tiny solid blocks of matter, literally as small as a block could be. When you were in high school a great many things could be explained with an atom that looked like a cueball with a number of hooks, a clutter of which could be assembled into neat molecules. About the time of the Smyth Report we became familiar with an atom having a cluster of tapioca in the middle and a lot of satellitic BBs swarming about at polite distances. There is nothing wrong with any of these concepts—they really work, as far as each goes, and there's many a successful and brilliant industrial chemist who has built his career on one or another of these and benefited us all. But for some phenomena they don't work, so we just construct another model.

So let us imagine an atom with a nucleus surrounded by a sphere, and a larger sphere around this, and a still larger one outside these, and so on until we have x number of concentric spheres. These spheres are not real things at all; they are simply areas where there is the greatest probability that an electron might be orbiting. Electrons, apparently, not only do their traveling in proscribed areas, but can, under the right circumstances, leap from one "shell" to another. When they move outward, it takes energy; the atom as a whole absorbs energy. When they move inward they release, or emit, energy. All this, like *atomos* and the cueball, may not be so, but for the laser, it works.

Hip Grasshoppers

There's no point in being staunchly theoretical until I lose you, so we might as well have some fun. The late Fletcher Pratt was fond of saying about you, "The reader will always generously believe one impossible thing. Don't ask him to believe two." Well, all right. All I ask is that you accept a species of impossible grasshopper.

This is a real kooky grasshopper. I mean, man, he's boppy, he digs the beat. You find the right beat and he goes right out of his skull. He takes off, like up. And there's one way you'll always know this from any other grasshopper. He gets his kicks from jumping off high places. The higher the place the harder it hits him and the louder he hollers.

So what you do, you get a gross lot of these grasshoppers and a stepladder and your bongos. You line up the grasshoppers on the bottom step and they just lie there. You back off and crack your knuckles and limber up and start slapping the skins. You can tell by the twitch when you're getting to them.

All of a sudden you've got the beat, and what else you've got is a ladderful of turned-on grasshoppers. Now one hopped-up grassbug would do just that, hop up, head for the next step. But they're just like people, they go-go groupwise like they just couldn't alone, you ever frug by yourself? Instead they go for the

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three-step, for little Joe from Kokomo, for number five.

About now it comes to them they are high, as if you didn't know, man. One jumps off and lands on the step below, and hollers *Whee!* You can hear them real good when they jump from Step Two to Step One, but when they jump from Step Three to Step Two, it's ten times as loud. The one up there falling off Five—man, it's piercing, you can barely hear your own bongos. And before you know it you've got one long straight screech coming off that ladder fit to bulge the walls, all those grasshoppers bouncing up and jumping off and hollering *Whee!* You never do find out what happens next because the neighbors call the fuzz and the fuzz confiscates your bongos.

And lo and behold that is almost exactly what happens inside the ruby laser. The pulsing light from the helical flash-tube is, like most light, "incoherent"—that is, it is composed of photons traveling in all directions and at a great many different frequencies. But when the pulse of light is just right, the impurity in the ruby, that 0.05 per cent of chromium atoms, becomes excited. Knocked up to higher energy levels (or, out to more distant probability-shells), their electrons fall back to lower ones, emitting energy. These pulses of energy in turn excite the atoms of the ruby, which emit light. In a few billionths of a second, enough red light is reflected from the heavily silvered end of the ruby rod to cause an advancing wave of red light to pass along the ruby, where again it is reflected. Back and forth these waves travel, gathering strength as they go, causing more and more atoms to emit while the flash-tube pumps in more energy to keep things going. Finally the pure —really pure—red light can get through the half-silvered end, and out comes the laser beam.

It is a very special kind of light —"coherent" light. Due to the fact that nothing can get out that has not traveled straight down the rod, the beam fans out hardly at all. It is monochromatic, with its quanta of energy traveling almost exactly parallel and at the same frequency. The countless trillions of acts of energy-release result in an output greater than the input —that is to say, the energy is amplified, which is the purpose of the whole contraption.

Actually, later-generation lasers are not ruby rods with flash tubes, for the ruby laser delivers a beam in pulses too large for such things as communication, which require a virtually steady beam. The new ones are solid-state devices with a frequency measured in billionths of a second, so high that in practice it is continuous flow. And that's that for the laser, one of the most potent (in every sense) devices ever created by mankind.

My next effusion will be on the transistor. Suggestions are warmly welcomed for future subjects, but be warned that I never answer my mail, I only appreciate it (WFB Jr. N.B.). Seriously, if there is any area of any science in which you would like to know what you are talking about, I'll be glad to research it for these pages so that I'll know what *I'm* talking about.

"I know what you are—a dangerous, crack-pot, lunatic-fringe, ultra-conservative Nut!"

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Dinner with Valery Tarsis

THOMAS MOLNAR

Dostoievski predicted in *Notes from Underground* that in a collectivized society the free individual would seek refuge in madness. Valery Tarsis, Dostoievski's admiring disciple, has no madness in him (except in form of poetic illumination) yet Soviet authorities once declared him mad and locked him up in Ward 7 of an insane asylum. Then all of a sudden, they shoved passport, visas and money in his hands, and got rid of him. The next step was London, followed by all the things the West can still offer: instant fame, publicity, money, lecture tours.

Russians "Deeply Christian"

He was in New York for a few days and friends brought us together for dinner. The reassuring thing about refugees from Communist lands is that these four decades of Communist saturation can evaporate instantly. Tarsis, at sixty, is sprightly and full of energy; he is up-to-date on all literary events, loves Italy and feminine audiences—and wonders why the West did not destroy Soviet power ten years ago. He turned to me: "You know, I have many Hungarian friends. We all wept when Budapest was crushed."

By "we" he meant Russian writers and students (even the sons and daughters of high-ranking party officials) who despise Communism and its exponents, organize semi-clandestine groups and, says Tarsis, today are writing poems and stories which will restore Russian literature to its nineteenth-century splendor. "This youth is deeply religious," he says. "More than half of the churchgoers are young people, and they line up to get into churches by the hundreds and the thousands. This, in spite of the fact that many priests are sent to camps in the North. I'm sure your press tells you about it."

No, Mr. Tarsis, our press does *not* tell us about it. In fact, it insists that only old peasant women attend church, and that the "Soviet generation" is atheistic. "Nonsense," snaps Tarsis, "materialism leaves all questions open. Our young people suffer and turn to God. At the beginning it was curiosity. Then defiance. Now it is faith. You must know that we Russians are a deeply Christian people."

There is no trace of the Marxist in this man. It seems incredible, but he does not seem to understand the ideology under which he lived most of his life. His jovial voice becomes strident only when he speaks of the "criminals" ruling his country. He considers them gangsters: nothing more, nothing less. Has he ever considered that these gangsters, who have ruled for a half a century, spawned generations of similar types in Havana, Peking, Prague, Hanoi and Tirana? That they are representatives of an ideology prescribing the same program for every nation?

Perhaps refreshingly, Tarsis is not much interested in this train of thought. All he wants is to rid his country of the Stalins, Khrushchevs, Brezhnevs and Kosygins. I asked Tarsis why he thought he was expelled from Russia. To him, it is perfectly clear. The Sinyavsky-Daniel trial was bad publicity for Moscow. By treating him differently, the Soviets hoped to counter the bad publicity abroad, and soften the impression of the harsh sentence passed upon the other two. "You are at least honest," he was informed when he was given his passport, while Sinyavsky and Daniel were hypocrites publishing under pseudonyms.

I was understandably curious to hear Tarsis' reaction to his few months in the West. I remember the two Hungarian ex-Communist writers, Tibor Meray and Tamas Aczel, whom I met soon after 1956. Aczel in particular was bitter that the West was no paradise, even after the Communist hell. I argued that perfection is not of this world, but his indoctrination in social perfectibility was still strong at that stage. But Tarsis is made of other stuff. He is grateful for the freedom of speaking his mind, for the sun under Sorrento's sky, for the naive humanity of an Italian policeman who told him, "You know, I too am a Communist. But we like you and are glad you escaped."

How do audiences, in the United States and elsewhere, treat him? He gets a good reception everywhere. A few American professors and a small leftist group in Rome heckled him, but the public is generally with him, and he is not a man to take any nonsense in any case.

Above all, he is creative, with literary plans "for the next two hundred years" and with the egotism of the professional eternal writer. Tarsis is visibly ill at ease when asked about his colleagues.

Victory Near?

I ask him about Yevtushenko and his popularity in Russia, receiving for an answer a small explosion. "You should understand that Yevtushenko is a Court poet, a bureaucrat of official literature, a traveling salesman for the Kremlin. As such, even if he were talented, the people would shun him simply because he is praised in *Pravda* and other publications. Our people read only what the Kremlin condemns. One disapproving allusion by Khrushchev or Brezhnev, and the book in question, priced one dollar, will sell for ten. There is a permanent war between the people and the gangsters on top, whether in literature or in daily life."

Tarsis has no doubt that the people will win, and that the victory is not far off. "But why are you, here in the West, so reluctant to topple our leaders?" he asks. "I tell audiences that no family in Russia is without some horrible wound, inflicted by the Communists: a father shot, a son vanished in camp, a wife raped by the local party official. All these people hate the Communists and are your allies. But often, when I met friends, some of whom are generals in the army, we said: 'The West is without leaders. Russia can only count on her own people.'"

This is apparently the sad truth, Mr. Tarsis.

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East of Suez

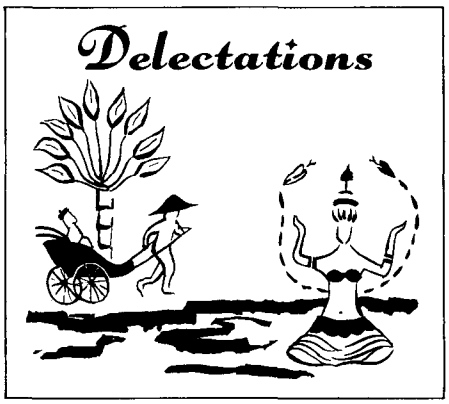
ALEC WAUGH

In 1955 I flew to Singapore. It was the first time that I had been farther east than Ceylon for nearly thirty years and I was curious to see what was left of the world of rubber planters, government officials, district officers, Chinese merchants and Malay houseboys, that Maugham had described in his short stories. The wind of change was blowing. The sun was shortly to set on Government House. But though the British Raj was ending, there would still be a number of Britons working in Malaya, just as there were in India . . . bankers, university professors, oil men, the administrators of the estates and vested interests that remained in English hands. Malaya would still be offering an opening for the young Briton. I wondered what kind of life he led.

The world that Maugham presented and interpreted and that I had seen in 1926 was mainly masculine. The district officer in Borneo who, after a month's sail out by P&O had to make a seven-day trip up river to his post of duty, would not consider himself ready for marriage till he had spent several years getting adjusted to alien conditions. Even had he wanted to marry, his superiors would not have given him permission. In consequence there was a shortage of young women; nor for that matter were there very many middle-aged women. It was considered unhealthy for a child to stay in the tropics after the age of eight. There was a question, too, of his education, so that a wife after a few years of marriage was faced with the choice of remaining with her husband in the tropics or returning to England with her children.

Either way she felt she had been cheated. There were a number of discontented women in Malaya. Quite a few men, particularly those who lived in outstations, were reluctant to bring out a white woman to the tropics; they contracted common law marriages with local girls. In consequence life in cities like Penang centered round the club.

When the heavy heat of the day had lessened, there would be a couple of hours of golf or tennis. Then the men would assemble in their club, perhaps for bridge or billiards, more likely just for talk, six or seven of them seated round a table, with each in turn every twenty minutes or so shouting "Boy" for another round of drinks. The session would last till close on nine and it was during such sessions of local gossip that Maugham collected the material for his stories. At nine



o'clock there would be a move to the dining room. It would be a conventional five-course meal, tasteless and eaten quickly; one or two of the party might order a tankard of beer but there would be no lingering over the table afterwards and most of the men went straight back to their homes. They had to be at their offices next day. That was the pattern of life in the Far East in the 1920s. It is not any longer.

The airplane has changed the life of the white man in the Far East far more than the passing of the British Raj. Now that England is only a few hours away, a woman is not forced to choose between her husband and her children. Children can come out for summer holidays. Mothers can return for Christmas. Frequent leaves are part of the package deal that the young man going East demands.

Moreover, he is not going to wait till he is thirty before getting married. He takes a wife out with him on his first tour of duty, and does not need masculine evenings in a club. He wants a sports club where he can swim and play golf and tennis with his wife. He has his evening drinks, his "Sundowners," in his own home, and that home is air-conditioned.

Air-conditioning has made as much difference to the social tempo of Malaya as the airplane. A young wife no longer lies about all day in a long chair, shouting "Boy." She cannot afford a large staff of servants, and with the aid of modern gadgets she can lead as busy a life in Kuala Lumpur as her sister does in Wimbledon.

Fifty years ago life was conducted at the pace of a slow-motion film. There was an elaborate mystique about the effects of heat. Noel Coward might proclaim that "mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the midday sun," but no Englishman would cross a courtyard without a toppee on his head. My host in Penang, a bulky though active judge and the local golf champion, had himself carried from the front-door of his hotel to the main road by four servants in a kind of litter, for fear that he should get hot walking and subsequently catch cold under a fan. The *Pukka Sahib* wore an undervest to absorb the sweat; he had it washed by his houseboy. The shirts that were sent to the Chinese laundry were not considered clean enough to be put next to the skin. He might catch a complaint called "Dhobey Itch." The newcomer was advised to take things easily for the first four months. Equatorial heat was, he was assured, an intoxicant like alcohol. It stimulated excessive energy, but it left you limp. "Go steady, my son, if you want to last out the three years of your first Chukka."

Certainly the heat sapped one's strength. On my first long trip I sailed through the Red Sea in August. I had with me a number of vague commissions for magazine short stories. I worked diligently in the smoking room of the liner and in my hotel bedroom in Colombo. The stuff seemed good enough but when I sent it back to England, the editorial response was negative. On the other hand, the short story that I wrote in the cool of Kandy two thousand feet above sea level was warmly welcomed. The effort of fighting the heat was so great that I had not enough energy to write a story that would hold its own against my competitors in a northern latitude. But today in an air-conditioned office, a man can meet on equal terms his colleagues in London and New York,

(Continued on page 699)

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FROM THE ACADEMY

How to Lower the Higher Learning

RUSSELL KIRK

Wouldn't it be fun to attend a university with 260,000 students? You can: no matter how low you rank on intelligence tests, no matter how lazy you have been in high school and before, no matter how uninterested you are in the works of the mind. Dr. Samuel B. Gould, president of the State University of New York, is waiting to welcome you. He has something for everybody.

It is the announced goal of this educational octopus, with 58 campuses already, to lure *every* high-school graduate in the state of New York to this "higher" learning—except, of course, those reactionaries who insist upon enrolling in private universities and colleges (if those institutions survive) and those enrolling in the City University of New York. Gould & Co. want more than a quarter of a million students by 1974—and more later. There is even talk in some quarters of making New York schooling "free and compulsory" to the age of twenty-one.

Kirk

Who's to pay for this empire? Isn't the state of New York already in grave financial difficulties, and the city of New York in graver? Why, you must be anti-intellectual, to ask an awkward question like that.

Even were the money readily available, where would the professors be found? There are some 8,000 full-time faculty members in the State University system already, with nearly 108,000 students. The contemplated expansion would require some 20,000 professors and instructors of various ranks. (Doubtless we shall see large numbers of high-school teachers—some competent, many not, at the college level—abruptly transformed into university scholars.)

Add to the students and the faculty the multitude of administrative personnel, janitors (pardon me—building superintendents), groundkeepers, and the like—well, a startling proportion of New York's population will be enrolled in, or working for, this ivory skyscraper. Full professors in the system already are paid between $16,000 and $18,000 at the university centers, and $12,000 to $14,000 at the liberal arts colleges of the State University; lesser breeds are paid in proportion. These salaries are considered too low, and are supposed to go up steadily before 1974. But the salaries pale before the costs of building, administration, and the like. And of course there will be those 260,000 students to be housed and fed—many of them subtracted from what would have been the work force of New York. This means that practically everybody in the state will be working for the State University—either being hired, or laboring to pay his increased taxes.

Dr. Gould's administration doesn't worry in the least about the "lonely crowd" on the mass campus, the bewildered undergraduates who feel no better than business-machine numbers. For the State University has taken a "nationwide survey" which purports to show that the size of the "campus population" has nothing to do with the quality of education. Your servant has been familiar for years with similar fraudulent surveys. (There have even been surveys by educationists to prove, to their own satisfaction, that it doesn't matter in the least how big a class in any subject is.) Small colleges with poor standards exist, of course; but when the human scale is utterly abandoned, a "university" will be no better, qualitatively, than the most impoverished and backward little college in the land.

Where will such a boondoggle end? Well, first of all, most branches of the State University will sink to the level of glorified high schools, though immensely more expensive than high schools. Public high schools, in turn, will be relieved of pressure to improve their present lamentable standards, on the excuse that "you'll get all that stuff at college." At least half the high-school graduates in New York will receive from the State University, eventually, some sort of degree or, at worst, certificate—which won't be worth its parchment. These graduates will expect lucrative white-collar jobs which they won't obtain, for a university degree will have lost its rarity value.

Any person who desires a genuine education will have to enroll at a private college or university, as he did before the State University began to expand—but it will be harder than ever to pay the fees of private institutions, since the higher taxes to support the state monolith must decrease parents' incomes and reduce the sources of private benefaction. The private institutions also may be starved for professors by the competition of the State University.

Will all this come to pass? Governor Rockefeller is enthusiastic for it. The next New York legislature, however, may think twice or thrice.

I have a counter-proposal. The number of young Americans who genuinely desire a serious intellectual discipline is quite small; even a writer friendly to the American educational system estimates that only *one* per cent of the *present* undergraduate body in America actually seeks a rigorous improvement of the mind, and that half the *present* students don't know, or much care, why they're on the campus.

So let us confer at birth, upon every child, the degrees of doctor of philosophy, master of arts and science, and bachelor of arts or science, plus a high-school diploma. If, at the age of seventeen, a young person insists upon graduating from high school, he will be deprived of his Ph.D. If he attends college for four years, he will lose his M.A. If he proceeds to graduate school, we will strip him of his B.A. If he insists upon entering a learned profession, we will take away his high-school diploma. Thus all the snobbery of "education" will be eliminated, and the true scholar will go naked, but wise, into the world.

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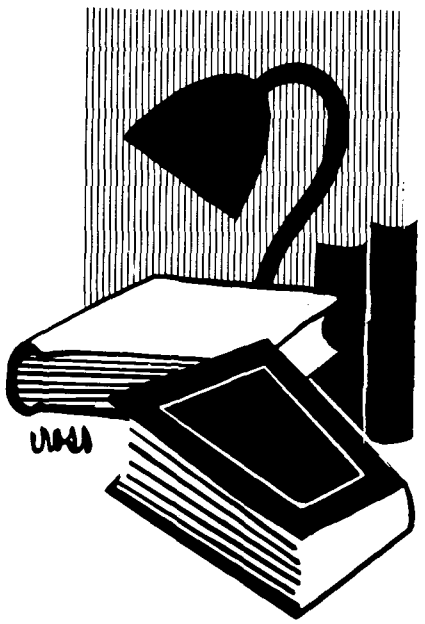
Orthodox Rebels

M. STANTON EVANS

It is an axiom of modern politics that young people are always more Liberal than their parents. According to received notions about the inevitable drift of everything toward the utopia of collectivism, rebellion is thought to be exclusively a matter of outflanking the old folks on the left.

In an era when Liberalism itself is a flagging orthodoxy, this assumption presents some obvious difficulties. Signs keep turning up that certain young people, made restless by the Liberal decadence, have taken an increasing interest in conservatism. But since that sort of thing doesn't fit the old assumptions and is also tactically embarrassing, it is generally ignored. True youthful rebellion of a more comfortable sort must be around here somewhere, if only we keep looking for it.



In fulfilment of these orthodox notions of the unorthodox, something called the New Left has in recent months been relentlessly publicized in the Liberal media. It is difficult these days to pick up a magazine or turn on a TV set without confronting Students for a Democratic Society, the W. E. B. DuBois Clubs, the Berkeley rioters, draft-card burners, sit-inners, etc. From the inordinate amount of attention paid these people, one can only conclude that this, at last, is it. The New Left, exactly fitting the long-haired stereotype of what rebellion ought to be, is sweeping the nation's campuses. The improbable but devoutly hoped-for leftist uprising against leftist orthodoxy has arrived.

A former leader in the New Left movement named Phillip Abbott Luce has written an important book which puts this facile conclusion in doubt. Luce by no means underestimates the immediate importance of the movement; he thinks it is very important indeed, and in certain respects very dangerous. Much of it, he reports, is in the hands of Communists of varying sorts—a charge he backs up by documenting Communist control of the W. E. B. DuBois Clubs, SDS willingness to collaborate with Communists, and the violent intentions of the Progressive Labor Party, of which Luce was a ranking member. He in addition chronicles the growth of the movement, sorts out one group from the next, and in general sets forth a convincing description of New Left activities.

Beyond this, *The New Left* gives us a first-hand view of the style of thought and conduct characteristic of these young people. It is not, as Luce notes repeatedly, particularly impressive. Although the author is still sympathetic to the better impulses which lead some young people to involve themselves in the movement, his retrospective view suggests that the New Left derives most of its *panache* from the play given it in the media and comparatively little from its own inherent virtues. Indeed, if we put aside the question of Communism (which represents a devious exploitation of the movement rather than the impulses behind it), we may reasonably conclude that the New Left is not in fact a rebellion at all. In philosophical terms, it is conformity posing as rebellion.

The root premises of the New Left, as Luce gives them to us, include a vague commitment to collectivism, permissiveness in morals, militant egalitarianism, hostility to patriotic sentiment, and strident pacifism. These are also, as it happens, the root premises of the Liberal orthodoxy. On all doctrinal matters, the New Left is merely American Liberalism writ large, demanding that the regnant abstractions be enforced *instanter* and across the board, with no exceptions (as in Vietnam). That the rebellion is ideologically speaking at one with the present conformity goes far to explain a phenomenon repeatedly noted by Luce: The New Leftists are hostile to ideas, theories, any sort of conceptual analysis of modern problems. They are interested only in "action."

This aversion to ideas is both a necessary precondition of the New Left and a guarantee of its ultimate triviality. Many of these young people are both intelligent and sensitive, and they can see and feel many things wrong in our society; but because they have forsworn theoretical inspection of the going order, their impulse toward resistance is aborted and channeled off into eccentricity. Their central complaints concern such things as bureaucracy, the pressures of mass society, the loss of individual integrity—all of which are quite real, and all of which happen to be major consequences of Liberal doctrine. The New Left wants to rejuvenate a Liberal society with stiffer doses of Liberalism, a form of homeopathy which obviously requires a blind eye toward doctrine.

If one is not distinguished from his society by the shape of his ideas but still wants to be known as a rebel,

The New Left, by Phillip Abbott Luce. McKay, $4.50

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the only recourse is to peculiarities of dress and behavior. Luce describes at some length the chief insignia of the New Leftist's "alienation"—hairiness, levis, boots, promiscuity. But even this, in terms of Liberal doctrine, is *de rigueur*. Although respectable Liberalism may feel uneasy around some of these bearded youngsters, it at least understands them as symbols of rebellion. This is what a "rebel" is supposed to look like; this is the way a "rebel" is supposed to act. It is precisely the kind of thing orthodoxy will accept *as rebellion* (as it will not accept the young conservatives), which several million utterly conventional teen-agers will feebly emulate, and which will be spread for general delectation across the pages of *Life, Look, Newsweek, Esquire,* and the *New Yorker*. It is a little subconformity within the big conformity, a feckless "alienation" which Liberalism is willing to countenance so long as it isn't channeled into serious opposition at the level of doctrine.

While its conventionality assures the New Left a certain degree of *succès d'estime,* it also forecloses the possibility of the movement's achieving any kind of durable impact on the nation's politics. Despite the publicity lavished on it, the movement is a small one. Luce estimates the total membership of all active New Left groups at around 12,000, and the membership of the largest single organizations, SDS, at around 2,000. This compares with an estimated 30,000 members for the conservative Intercollegiate Society of Individualists and 28,000 for Young Americans for Freedom. The numbers of the New Left are meager compared to the newly activated legions of the youthful right.

It is of course true that numbers are not the best way of judging the effectiveness of youthful rebellion. Far more important is the quality of ideas expressed by the rebels. But, as noted, the New Left has virtually no ideas at all. The young conservatives—or at all events a healthy proportion of them—are distinguished, precisely, by the content of their thought. They have no need to set themselves off with beards and boots; they are already distinguished from the mass by the character of their ideas. This intellectual opposition makes the young conservatives a real as opposed to an illusory threat to the reigning conformity, and also insures that the Liberal media will generally ignore them.

One interesting measure of the difference between the two movements is the fact that, while there are many books and articles published *about* the New Left, there are far fewer books and articles published *by* the New Left than by their opposites on the Right. While numerous young conservatives have brought forth important books in recent years, the only alumnus of the New Left to display enough industry and initiative to turn out a book—if we except some of the ephemera associated with the anti-HUAC riots in California—is Mr. Luce himself, and he has abandoned the movement in dissatisfaction and alarm. Contrary to the New Left stereotype, he is obviously a young man of ability who is very much interested in ideas. It is good to know his considerable talents are now devoted, as in this book, to opposing rather than assisting the forces of bohemian orthodoxy.

BOOKS ABROAD

● More Waugh: When his friend Graham Greene announced intention to write *The Quiet American,* adding "it will be a relief not to write about God for a change," Waugh replied smoothly: "Oh, I wouldn't drop God if I were you . . . it would be like Wodehouse dropping Jeeves half way through the Wooster series."

● Love Poetry: Seventeen poems by Robert Graves under title *Seventeen Poems Missing From Love Respelt* (poems which belong to the *Love Respelt* sequence but written too late for inclusion in that book or *Collected Poems* of 1965) just issued in London in edition of 300 signed copies. Privately printed by Stellar Press, the book is distributed by Bertram Rota Ltd., price 63/-.

● Backing for Burnham: David Clark in recently published study of British management, *The Industrial Manager: His Background and Career Pattern* (Business Publications, 45/-) says findings tend to confirm James Burnham's *Managerial Revolution*. "In one sense," writes Clark, "James Burnham's prediction that management will be forced by modern technology to become similar in all countries does appear to be of some validity. . . . While the present study has not attempted to test James Burnham's hypothesis of a world drift towards a managerial society, in certain respects his analysis seems to be upheld. British managers would seem to be moving towards the constitution of a new class."

● Gregorian Liturgy: Among many world figures both Catholic and non-Catholic who signed letter appealing to Pope to retain ancient Gregorian liturgy were: W. H. Auden, Evelyn Waugh, Jacques Maritain, Ingmar Bergman, Benjamin Britten, Jorge Luis Borges, François Mauriac, Salvador de Madariaga, Jorge Guillen, Robert Bresson, Julian Green and Gertrude von le Fort.

● Breviora: *Guide Littéraire de la France* (Hachette, 28.69 F), a professional publication compiled by experts, introduces the literary pilgrim to every nook and cranny of literary France, beginning with the streets of Paris. . . . Cambridge University Press in England planning a two-volume anthology of the works of George Santayana. . . . New Australian quarterly *Australarts* will deal largely with activities in England as more than ten thousand of Australia's painters, writers, composers, actors etc. live in London. . . . William Carlos Williams vogue continues in London with publication by MacGibbon and Kee of his novel *In the Money* (30/-). . . . One-time *NR* contributor Charles Tomlinson has just published a new book of poems called *American Scenes and Other Poems* (Oxford, 18/-).

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Giving Away the Rope

G. WARREN NUTTER

NOW THAT COMMUNIST CHINA is to be "contained but not isolated," what next? The answer seems clear; we are to build bridges of trade and aid between East and West. Why not? Trade benefits everybody. Besides, if we don't get the Russians' business, somebody else will. And then there is the balance of payments to think about, not to mention our obligation to the world's poor, of which the Communists have more than their share.

But all this is by the way. The real point is that we must create better relations with the Communist foe, relax international tensions, undermine the material causes of Communism. Let's take the first step and convince the East of our good intentions. Let's both of us compromise: we make concessions, and they accept them. Of course, they may demand long-term loans to get things started, but that is to be expected. Then they can prosper, become fat and friendly, contented and peaceful, democratic and capitalistic. Behold, our problems will be over.

East West Trade and United States Policy, by Mose L. Harvey. National Association of Manufacturers, $4.00

This sounds like a caricature of a position, and I wish it were. Unfortunately, the mounting propaganda campaign for expanded trade relations with the Soviet world is exactly that brand of romantic sentimentalism. It has no more consistency or logic, or respect for history. We listen in vain for a sober recital of the facts and a sensible appraisal of alternative courses open to us.

That is why the book under review strikes such a welcome note. Step by step Dr. Mose Harvey reveals the delusion and danger of a plunge into unrestricted trade with Communist nations. His case is all the stronger because it is neither doctrinaire nor dogmatic. He lets the historical record cogently plead his case, while he advocates a practical course designed to serve our national interest.

THE MOST OBVIOUS weakness in the book is its excessive concern for defending trade policy as it has evolved. One might conclude that no mistakes of any importance were made until the last few years, and that everything was unfolding in full accord with some carefully designed master plan, which the author helped to form and administer. The present trend must surely be disastrous if established policy looks so good by comparison. In any case, one can do without an apologia. A second weakness is Dr. Harvey's proposed way out of the growing mess. Stripped of its trappings, it amounts simply to a grant of unlimited discretion to the President, along with a command that he do the right thing at the right time in the right place and measure.

All things considered, this is a book deserving a wide audience. It has something very important and timely to say, and one would hope the message will be heeded. I recommend it specially to the classical liberal, who naturally finds it most trying to compromise the case for free trade.

Let us hope that books of this kind will do some good. As things are now going, history may well prove Lenin wrong in saying that capitalists will sell the rope that hangs them. They are more likely to give it away.

Science Fiction

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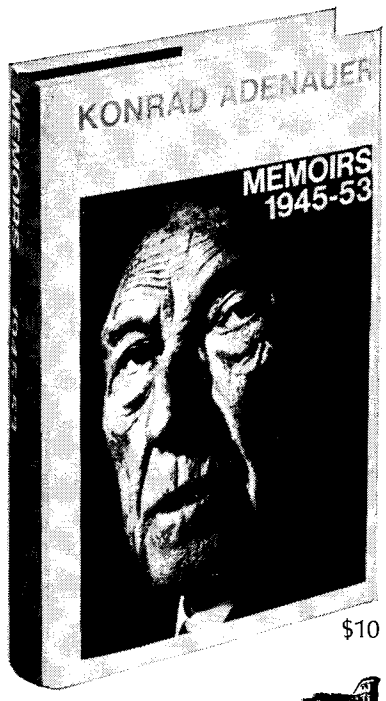

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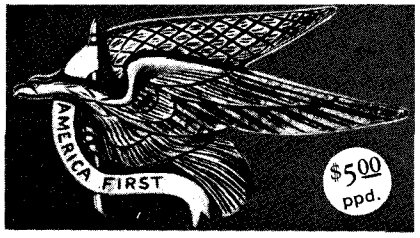

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sexes leaping through like hungry silver fish in a dark pool of sound. That was our thing together. Half-formed creatures of desperation and need, we made our scene—and then slept in it. . . . Strong and weak and hot and cold we mauled each other, said things that sounded fine and golden, left behind us a track of dirt any city traveler could follow."

The recognition of a major prose stylist is a simple matter, once the stylist and his style have fully emerged, and you the reader have the permission of respected critics. If, however, a reader can bear to risk his judgment to the unpredictable

Paingod and Other Delusions, by Harlan Ellison. Pyramid Books, 50¢

The Judgment of Eve, by Edgar Pangborn. Simon and Schuster, $3.95

mercies of his own opinion, he can put himself in the way of that very great excitement called Discovery, and that very great gratification of saying (with truth) three years, five years hence: "I saw him coming."

Ellison's wild style, his unfinished sentences, his tumbling, driving pace, his mad, mixed metaphors and symbols and similes have exploded in all sorts of markets—mostly minor: girlie books, record-review columns, mystery and detective pulps, novels, radio and TV and the movies. But he began in and with science fiction; and his latest collection, *Paingod,* provides a fascinating study of what he was, and what he is becoming. What he is becoming is great. What he is having is a ball. He has now reached a point where the very worst he can become is the most sharply focused image-maker of contemporary *homo sap*: "transistorized, sanforized boss gear bomped groovy tuned-in on the music of the spheres, in a Continental belt - back slim - line hopsacking crease-resistant 14" tapered ineluctable reality that placed him in and of the teen-age sub-culture." "Her flight is the southward spiral of the homeless. Sadnesses cling to her like the odor when one leaves a bathroom. Her Florient sprays are the expensive Shalimars and five baths a day. No song will ever awaken her; no truth will ever rescue her; no joy will ever keep her safe. The one who has come to the inescapable verity that she is one of the losers."

Ellison can be excruciatingly bad; that, however, has become episodic, and to dwell on examples of it would be to commit a foolishness, for Ellison is a growing entity. One may recognize that a youth is not yet an adult; one does not, however, blame him for it. Buy *Paingod* and read it —and of it, especially the "non-introduction" and the rubrics between the stories. Then get hold of more Ellison titles—there are plenty. Watch him grow. Look, when the dazzle of his means fades from your reader's eye, at his ends: what he has to say, what he believes, believes in, and, clearly, is.

None of the Ellison quoted here is from *Paingod.* You'll have plenty to quote when you've read it. The opening passage above is the beginning of a bad story he wrote some time ago, but I wanted to show you some pure Ellison, means and ends—how he says what it is he has to say. Here's how he finished it:

> So I'll be along, just keep humming our music. Because that's outside our stopping, Stella. We're marked down in the dark litany for one another. They're playing our song, Stella, the sound of the thing we have together.
>
> I'll come to you quickly, bitch, wait for me. We have the strongest thing in the world going for us. I hate you completely, baby.

Once upon a time there was a Princess, and there were three suitors. And she loved them, each and all, and could not make up her mind. So she set them a task, saying, Go from me and return when the leaves turn, and tell me how you have fulfilled the task, and then I shall choose. So they set forth, each his own way, and found Adventure and Knowledge and a way to fulfill the task. When the leaves turned they came to her, that she might choose.

How long is it since anybody told this story? Why have we forgotten to write it, and to read it? Such a forgetting is a sadness and a loss.

But here suddenly is Pangborn, who has not forgotten, and who has cared—clearly, he cares very much indeed—to tell the story again, and to tell it beautifully. The Princess is a girl in a farmhouse, who has lived since infancy with her mother—now blind—and a loyal, ugly, feeble-minded hired man. She has never seen another human being, because the farmhouse is in a possible world —yet a most verifiable and to-the-earth New England world—where the bomb has come and gone, and the

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plague, and a quarter-century of deathly stillness.

And one day three men come—one middle-aged, intelligent, quick-thinking, and bearing the burden of having been a great concert violinist when there were concerts, and violins, and when his left arm was not smashed beyond repair. The second is a thirsty intellectual, young, brought up all his life where the intellect was scorned but the thirst would not be denied. The third is a giant with a feel for the soil and the sun and growing things, but with words quite lost.

The blind mother, sinking into senescence, is snapped alive again in their aura: culture, humor and wisdom suddenly in a fine new flowering. Eve, the girl, who has lived her whole life without cause for guile, loves instantly and openly. And so it is that she sends them away to fulfil their task . . . which is to come to her when the leaves turn and to tell her, each in his own way, what love is.

The bulk of the book, then, is the adventures of the three. Through this segment stalks a beautiful and deadly symbol, and it delights me to challenge you to divine its meaning.

As to Eve's ultimate choice, impossible as it may seem, you will agree that it was the right one, and that any other would have been wrong for her. And that only Pangborn's gentleness, his joy, his skill and his wisdom keep him from getting a punch in the mouth.

How Safe Is America?

STEFAN T. POSSONY

ALTHOUGH THE AUTHORS PRESENT a series of interrelated political and military arguments, this reviewer will forego discussing American politics, the ouster of Khrushchev and the Vietnamese war. I will instead concentrate on the overwhelmingly important subject of American strategic security.

The authors start from the premise that in order to win, the Soviets must subject the United States to a nuclear surprise attack. The fundamental thesis is that such a surprise attack would best be launched from space, and that the space strike would be supported by terrestrial weapons like missiles, aircraft and submarines.

The second thesis is that the Soviets possess substantial military capabilities, which they are enlarging systematically. There are strong indications that the Soviets are developing space weapons: an alleged prototype of a high-yield orbital bomb was exhibited publicly. The first models of space delivery systems, notably a satellite series called Proton, are undergoing initial flight tests. The Proton I warhead weighs 26,500 pounds and can carry highly significant military payloads. Moreover, the Soviets have been firing five satellites from single boosters; therefore they possess a capability of launching several warheads from one satellite. These novel space capabilities increase Soviet firepower and will strengthen their capability of subjecting the U.S. to sudden surprise attack.

Strike From Space, by Phyllis Schlafly and Chester Ward. Devin-Adair, $4.50

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The third thesis is that the success of Soviet space strategy is dependent on the failure of U.S. intelligence. Unfortunately, whenever so-called "consensus" develops among the experts, U.S. intelligence tends to be wrong. The authors point out that the "consensus" often conforms with expectations in the White House. Thus, as a Senate subcommittee reported, it was the "philosophical conviction" of the intelligence community that it would be "incompatible with Soviet policy to introduce strategic missiles into Cuba." The present consensus, if Herman Kahn is to be believed, is that the Soviets are unlikely to "start an all-out general war." This notion about the enemy is reinforced by "philosophical convictions" about the infeasibility of winning a nuclear war and the suicidal dangers of escalation, proliferation, accidental war, and overkill. There also is, it should be added, an idea that technological surprise has become virtually impossible. In other words, the "conviction" is that the life-or-death problem which is yet to be solved, already has been solved by the magic of self-persuasion.

The fourth thesis is that in the face of this growing Soviet threat, the U.S. is disarming through three different methods. *First,* huge resources are diverted to expensive programs like the trip to the moon, which, the authors assert, has no military significance. (The reviewer takes strong exception to this assertion.) *Second,* the United States has been gradually reducing its nuclear power, partly by eliminating bombs and warheads with large megatonnages, and partly by phasing out essential delivery systems. *Third,* the Defense Department is not developing or procuring substitutes for the weapons which are being eliminated, nor is it acquiring novel types of weapons. Instead of taking advantage of the latest scientific advances, the Defense Department is trying to slow down technological progress; for example:

Among the weapon systems that are being phased out without replacement, the authors inform us, are the B-47, the B-58, and the B-52. Also eliminated were medium-range missiles like Jupiter, Thor, and Mace, and ICBMs like Atlas and Titan I. In addition, a number of overseas bases for our short-legged airplanes and missiles have been abandoned. The supersonic heavy bomber B-70 is not being procured; the air-to-ground Skybolt missile was canceled in the midst of the flight-testing phase; a second nuclear-propelled aircraft carrier was not bought; development of a nuclear ramjet has been slowed almost to a standstill, and the nuclear rocket (which probably is indispensable for effective space operations) has been delayed for years. A ballistic missile defense system is virtually ready for use, but no decision has been made for its procurement, despite the fact that the Soviet Union is now deploying missile interceptors. Work on a medium-range ballistic missile, which is sorely needed for the defense of Europe, was stopped. No interest is shown in heavy and mobile ICBMs. Dyna-soar, an experimental military space platform, and Orion, a nuclear space propulsion system capable of handling very heavy payloads and of executing deep space probes, have been canceled. As a result of the general cutback, the U.S. will be helpless against space surprise attack. Deterrence will no longer work because in due time

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space weapons will neutralize or destroy our retaliatory power.

Mr. McNamara's essential rejoinder to this indictment presumably would be: The Soviets do not yet have a capability for launching an effective surprise attack from space. Come what may, we will under all circumstances remain capable of destroying the Soviet Union, hence deterrence will not cease to operate. He would also stress that it is financially impossible to develop all systems that could be useful; choices must be made. Moreover, it does not pay to develop, let alone deploy, systems prematurely.

As to our missile force, substantial improvements were made to increase protection against a Soviet first strike. It is true, with the exception of 54 Titan IIs, all earlier large payload ICBMs were retired and replaced by Minuteman I, which has a relatively small payload but also has a faster reaction time. Yet Minuteman II which is coming into the arsenal has a higher yield and far greater accuracy; hence Minuteman II is easily the equivalent of Atlas and Titan I. We probably are going to develop Minuteman III which is a better weapon still. Moreover, we are now thinking of an Improved Capability Missile (ICM). Similarly, we have progressed from Polaris I to Polaris II and are now adopting Polaris III. We also are studying the development of the very superior Poseidon missile. And we are procuring four additional nuclear-propelled aircraft carriers. With respect to supersonic bombers, the B-70 has been overtaken by technological events, SAC still has 600 B-52s and 80 B-58s in the operational force. It is now planned to phase out, before 1971, the older B-52 models and the B-58s. We will retain 255 B-52Hs: this bomber is really quite different from the earlier B-52 models. The other B-52 types and the B-58s will be replaced by 210 FB-111s. (The FB-111 is an offspring of the TFX. McNamara considers it to be a superior aircraft and expects that the range will be longer than that of the B-58s and some 52s.) Thus, between 1971 and 1975, SAC will have a force of 465 strategic bombers. Since, according to latest thinking, the manned bomber capability will be preserved indefinitely, we are doing some development work on ASMA, the advanced supersonic heavy bomber, which the Air Force

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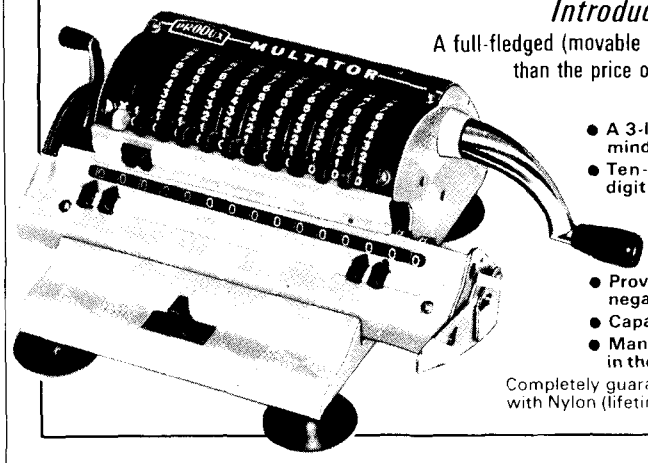

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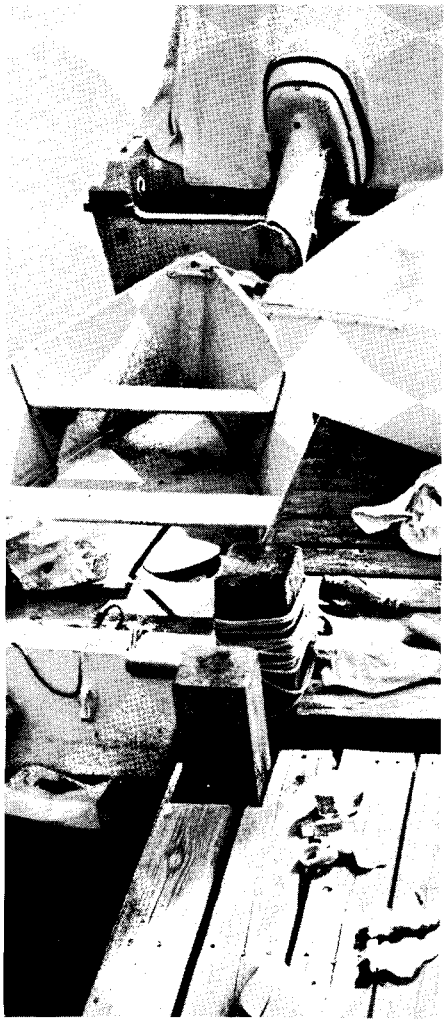

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wants as a replacement for the B-52H. Incredibly, McNamara considers it quite unlikely that there will be a real requirement for this aircraft.

The best way to evaluate these claims and counter-claims is to probe Mr. McNamara's statement to the House Appropriations Subcommittee a little further. Mr. McNamara anticipates an increase in the "explicit defense expenditures" of the Soviet Union by 5 per cent and in their military research and development effort by almost 10 per cent. (There would be, of course, proportionate and possibly additional increases in the hidden Soviet budget.) Although Mr. McNamara did not say so, it is a foregone conclusion that much of this added expenditure will be used to strengthen the Soviet strategic forces. By contrast U.S. expenditures on strategic offensive and defensive forces, and civil defense, which in 1962 stood at 11.2 billion dollars, are to be held at 6.5 billion dollars during the fiscal year. Funds requested for fiscal 1967 are 4.4 per cent lower than estimated expenditures during fiscal 1966. Mr. McNamara thus effected a reduction of 58.5 per cent in U.S. expenditures for strategic preparedness.

With respect to the mixed B-52H and FB-111 bomber force, Mr. McNamara projects a cumulative cost till 1975 of 14 billion dollars as compared with 17 billion dollars that would be spent if the current force of B-52s and B-58s were extended. Thus he is saving 3 billion dollars within eight years but he is buying a force that is smaller by 199 bombers. Since the development and procurement costs of the FB-111 may grow, his calculation may turn out to be too optimistic. The planned force includes both supersonic and subsonic aircraft and therefore poses operational problems. The acquisition of a new supersonic bomber constitutes progress but the range limitations of the FB-111 are highly undesirable, especially since our overseas base structure has been weakened. Even on the basis of cost-effectiveness arguments, the time surely is ripe for the supersonic long-range bomber which the Air Force needs.

But how does Mr. McNamara himself evaluate the effectiveness of the U.S. "approved program" against the Soviet threat which he expects to exist by 1970? If, he disclosed, the Soviets strike first, there will be 130 to 135 million U.S. fatalities. If our currently approved bomber defenses, the strategic offensive forces and the civil defense program did not exist, "the damage potential could be 160 million or more U.S. fatalities . . . This total would not increase very much, even if the Soviets directed all of their forces at our cities." If the United States were to strike first, the U.S. fatality figure still would be 90 to 95 million. Accordingly, if the Soviet threat should be larger than presently estimated—for example, if attacks from space were to be added to the other types of attack, not much would be left of the United States of America, whether we strike second or even first.

The difference between complete defenselessness and cost-effective defense *à la* McNamara appears to be the difference between an American destroyed by four-fifths or an America destroyed by two-thirds. Without in the slightest belittling the difficulty of the problem, this reviewer submits that Mr. McNamara does not have a good case for his strategy.

Movies

Corn, Cult, and Politics

RICHARD CORLISS

We go to see *John F. Kennedy: Years of Lightning, Day of Drums* (written and directed by Bruce Herschensohn), hoping against hope that the nonsense will be set aside, that the essence will shine through. We hope that a film with the awesome credit line "Presented by the United States of America" will somehow present a sober, unpretentious, balanced appraisal of a man's career. We hope for something more than the typical "company-sponsored" documentary. We hope, in a word, for a document. Instead, we are shown a cross between the Nazi rally film, *Triumph of the Will*, and Hollywood's hasty compilation, *The James*

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Dean Story, with none of the theatrical brilliance of the former and all the lugubriousness of the latter.

The visitor to New York's Cinema I Theater, where *JFK: YOL, DOD* is playing, enters a mausoleum. Informal photographs of the Kennedy family have been placed on the walls; the conversation of those waiting for the feature to begin is somber and controlled, their mode of dress muted and conservative; the canned intermission music is the score from *Camelot*, a favorite musical of the First Couple; even the ushers, usually noisy and sarcastic, project the reverent air of pallbearers. The atmosphere suggests that the man is being venerated for his death, not for his life.

THE FILM ITSELF reinforces this theme: its structure is that of a ballad, a dirge, with the "chorus" a scene from the funeral procession on the "day of drums." Each "verse" presents what is offered as a Kennedy achievement, and there were six of these in the film: the Peace Corps idea, the commitment to an expensive program in space, the Alliance for Progress, his stand on equal rights for Negroes, the quest for "freedom" on earth, and the nuclear test ban treaty. The six funeral film clips account for perhaps thirty minutes of the eighty-seven-minute film and, being what they are, are the only affecting moments in it. (There was a sharp collective intake of breath from the audience when the President's son, John Jr., saluted his father's coffin.)

There is nothing impressive, however, in the assemblage of "achievement" footage, nor in the narration, read by Gregory Peck. We hear speeches and more speeches, see parades and more parades, as if these were the stuff of the Presidency. It may be argued that Kennedy's first speech (at his Inauguration) and his last parade (at his assassination) were the most important events of his career; but it should be replied that the rhetoric did not charm the President's allies (the Congress) or opponents (Chairman Khrushchev as an example), and that the rides did not show any more than his superficial, movie-star popularity with the voters: he didn't have the Roosevelt trust, the Eisenhower security. We are shown shadow instead of substance.

But even the shadow is distorted; as distance increased, the shadow grew larger. At times we credit the contortions to a misguided sense of the elegiac; but at times we must blame political calculations. The opening of the film (a shot of the heavens, musical oohings and aahings reminiscent of the Warner Brothers "Heavenly Choir" of the forties, and the ominous words ". . . but John Kennedy did *not* die") and the Kennedy type, fanatically balanced rhetorical style ("In the early snow, an avalanche of people . . .," a description of the weather at the Inauguration), which seems to have inspired a generation of freshman English-comp students and teachers—both these instances are mawkish and tasteless, but forgivable if we are persuaded that the film is a heartfelt, somewhat mindless tribute to the Kennedy spirit.

We cannot dismiss many of the other distortions with this gentle wave of the critical hand. The film position on pickets, for example, is equivocal: when they protested the Bay of Pigs farce (which is dismissed in the half-sentence "The President was set back at the Bay of Pigs . . ." as if it had been merely spring training for the "Missile Showdown"), they are shrugged off; when they protested segregation, they are eulogized. Later, in a section on the March on Washington of August 28, 1963, an interesting and not altogether scrupulous use of the principle of synthetic editing is demonstrated. The shot is that of the Washington crowd listening to a speech, the sound track of Kennedy delivering an address on civil rights; the implication: that the President appeared at the rally. But although Kennedy did speak with Negro leaders, he was advised that his presence at the assembly would infuriate Southern voters, and he stayed away. (A remark by Peck that President Johnson was continuing and enlarging the fight for equal opportunities was also tinged with partisanship.) Again, in the "verse" on the "space race," a cinematic effect—this time the montage—was used to make a politically debatable point. To suggest a do-nothing attitude of the Eisenhower Administration toward space probes, we are shown a montage of three rockets blowing up soon after take-off, the effect suggesting nothing so much as film clips of the goony-birds' hilariously unsuccessful

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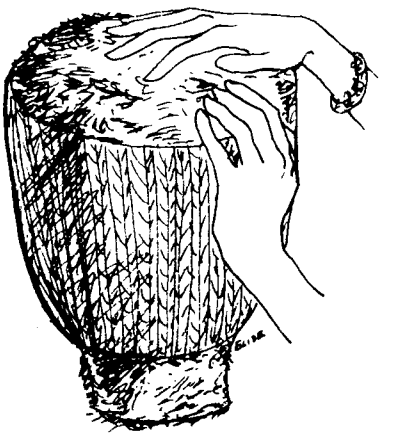

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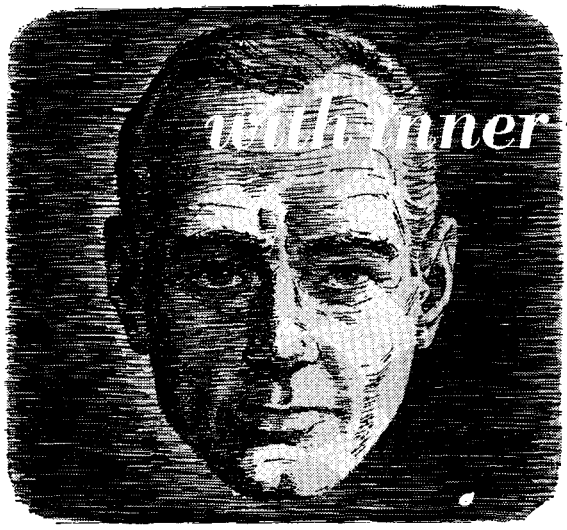

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attempts at flying. Suddenly, Kennedy arrives and the program takes wings. Why? The President's charisma? Inspired spacemen? Money? (We are told it was Kennedy's "commitment": money.)

These distortions and many others that lace the film (an implication, for example, that John Kennedy's interest in the arts sent the nation on a culture kick, although one recalls that it was Jack who ordered Westerns shown at White House screenings, and Jackie who asked for *L'Avventura*) assure us of what we had unwillingly suspected from the start: *Years of Lightning, Day of Drums* is government propaganda pure and simple, that Bruce Herschensohn was no more interested in showing the man behind the myth than was Hitler's Leni Riefenstahl (and far less able), and that what might have been a film worth remembering is simply another supermarket item to be set next to the records, plaques and license plates.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE MAGUS, by John Fowles (Little, Brown, $7.95). John Fowles' *The Collector*, published three years ago, was an excellent first novel and a chilling study in morbid psychology. *The Magus*, Mr. Fowles' second novel, is one of the most ambitious novels of the decade. The most striking thing about it is that it returns quite frankly to the old-fashioned novel of suspense and adventure, and is unabashedly episodic, romantic, and chock-full of jolts. It is written in that alternately crisp and toothsome style that the best detective-story writers use to such advantage. What makes the book so unabandonable is its ability to surprise, and never twice in the same way. One feels that so wild a flight of the imagination ought not to reduce, all things considered, to a simple romance; but, then, a girl that is hard to get is patently worth having. Mr. Fowles has written a doughty novel; he has not, however, mastered the art of the novel. *The Magus* is as entertaining as a circus, but it tells us nothing about the nature of humanity. Anyway, it's a masterpiece of high-class tushery, thoroughly enjoyable all the way through. G. DAVENPORT.

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Revolutionary War battle, 1778.	31 7 41 107 112 117 121 128
B. Nitric acid (2 wds. or 1).	44 180 149 190 24 56 35 46 81 120
C. Rugged individualists' *phrase*.	68 82 114 48 161 179 12 170 95 100 2 129
D. State capital suggesting bashful girl.	85 153 182 139 49 74 83 106
E. Transportation media suggesting Bronx osculation (2 wds.)	91 118 52 13 101 87 175 36 1
F. Edgar Lee Masters' Anthology.	22 37 77 163 88 115 198 145 27 189
G. Double talk that's for the birds.	127 110 123 138 38 57 166 141 171 119
H. Another name for Korea.	113 53 75 70 58 3
I. Panama and Suez.	186 96 157 102 124 181 131 5 142
J. Head men.	184 63 39 54 28 187
K. A bad place to be hung in.	21 76 134 84 15 103
L. Act of keeping.	25 132 62 143 150 97 158 23 6

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. One of the parishes of Andorra.	33 197 169 151 109 89
N. Protections.	61 146 159 177 156 71 193 152
O. *What some debtors* ask for.	64 66 8 26 164 147 191 30 183
P. Man for whom an Africa nation was named.	144 9 40 194 185 173
Q. Feelings.	155 135 133 90 42 168 11 192
R. Barnum's first name.	188 16 72 43 165 50 172
S. What we like kitchen sinks to be.	14 92 45 104 136 67 78 162 140
T. A nation in Asia.	125 105 130 17 59 137
U. Pertaining to such fishes as sea horses.	178 174 148 111 196 20 116 86 60 32 122 79 98 18 69
V. Opposite to ultraviolet rays.	10 99 195 34 108 29 65 93
W. An escort.	4 19 80 55 73 126
X. A color, blue-red in hue.	47 154 94 160 167 176 51 199

See page 699 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

				1 E	2 C	3 H	4 W	5 I		6 L	7 A	8 O	9 P	10 V	11 Q	12 C
	13 E	14 S	15 K	16 R	17 T		18 U	19 W		20 U	21 K		22 F	23 L		24 B
25 L	26 O	27 F		28 J	29 V	30 O	31 A		32 U	33 M	34 V	35 B	36 E	37 F	38 G	39 J
40 P	41 A		42 Q	43 R		44 B		45 S	46 B	47 X	48 C	49 D		50 R	51 X	
52 E	53 H	54 J		55 W	56 B	57 G	58 H		59 T	60 U	61 N		62 L	63 J	64 O	
65 V	66 O	67 S	68 C	69 U	70 H	71 N	72 R	73 W	74 D		75 H	76 K		77 F	78 S	79 U
80 W	81 B	82 C	83 D		84 K		85 D	86 U	87 E	88 F	89 M	90 Q		91 E	92 S	93 V
94 X	95 C	96 I	97 L	98 U	99 V	100C		101E	102I	103K		104S	105T	106D		107A
108V	109M		110G	111U	112A		113H	114C	115F	116U	117A	118E	119G	120B		121A
122U	123G	124I		125T	126W		127G	128A	129C		130T	131I	132L		133Q	134K
	135Q	136S	137T	138G	139D		140S	141G	142I	143L	144P	145F	146N	147O		148U
149B	150L	151M	152N	153D	154X	155Q	156N	157I		158L	159N		160X	161C	162S	
163F	164O	165R		166G	167X	168Q		169M	170C	171G	172R		173P	174U		175E
176X		177N	178U	179C	180B	181I	182D	183O	184J	185P		186I	187J		188R	189F
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EAST OF SUEZ

(Continued from p. 685)

who are now in touch with him by telephone and airmail, instead of being a month away by sea.

Moreover he can sleep, which he never could in the old days. How long those nights seemed when one set of sheets and then another soaked through with sweat and beds were supplied with a short hard bolster called "a Dutch wife" which you put between your knees to keep your legs apart. Not until four o'clock did you fall into a heavy sleep. You never woke refreshed. No wonder a man of fifty felt ready to retire.

There is little doubt that life east of Suez is very much pleasanter, very much healthier, than it was in the days of Maugham; and the social life more varied than it was when evening after evening the same circle of men swapped gossip over gin *pahits* and *stengahs;* very much healthier, very much more pleasant . . . and yet . . . and yet . . .

There is something that has gone forever. In an air-conditioned, hermetically sealed bedroom, you may wake ready for the day's work but you have no sense of jubilance. The air is stale. In the old days, on the other hand, though you did not, after that final two hours' heavy sleep, wake refreshed, your limbs were rested. You were relieved that the long night was over. The swift dawn had already broken. You put on a dressing gown and sat in a wicker chair on the verandah. The air was cool and scented. Hummingbirds hovered above the opening flowers. Your houseboy set beside you a tray of tea and fruit—your *chota hazri.* The tea revived you. Peace settled on your spirit. Breakfast would not be served till eight. Those first ninety minutes were the best part of the day; they settled in advance the score of whatever the next eighteen hours held. How often in the bleak bare North have I not thought of them nostalgically, savoring their peace in retrospect. It was a peace that the contemporary expatriate can never know.

LETTERS

(Continued from p. 656)

Campbell and Mallan misinterpreted each other's position. Indeed, they left questions not only unanswered, but unacknowledged.

The first major question raised, once one accepts the obvious fakery, is why was it done so poorly? It may well be, as Campbell suggests, that the Russians decided to produce pictures of a simulated flight because it would *look* more real, but why was the simulation so heavy-handed?

Consider for a moment the matter of color as presented by Campbell. It was his contention that the American film was not quite the equal of the contrast ranges encountered and that it suffered from washed-out highlights. The crude Russian film had truly washed-out colors and was nearly monochromatic. Why so crude?

It could not possibly be to gull the world's simpler folk because they live in a world of real color, vivid color, and would be able to grasp the subtleties of interstellar color. They would be more likely to accept garish, poster-style color that, while as phony as the washed-out monochromes, would be much more believable.

New York, N.Y. DR. KURT RAUDER

All one can conclude from the Campbell-Mallan articles of May 3 is that the scientific colony in Russia may have achieved all that Moscow claims, but we have no direct evidence for saying so.

Assuming the space claims to be false, the presentation of faked "evidence" is not surprising: the Party is simply following its own admonition to Russian writers and artists to portray "socialist realism." The admonition (digested, it sounds ridiculously like Ko Ko's final speech to the Mikado) runs thus: The Party has said that such and such will be true; the Party can predict the future; since it will be true it is practically true now; therefore, portray it as being true!

The thing has been practiced for over forty years and during that time no one has ever placed the Party in the embarrassing position of actually having to produce anything predicted.

Assuming the space claim to be true, the faked physical "evidence" is not surprising. Presumably, films and stills of space activities convey intelligence of a kind to those who know how to read them. A ruling clique which steadfastly refuses its own subjects any existence above that of primitive man is not likely to share its scientific findings with the world it defines as hostile.

The caution implicit in the two May 3 articles was summed up many years ago, I think, when another Gilbertian character sang:

I'll never assume that a rogue or a thief
Is a gentleman worthy implicit belief
Because his attorney has sent me a brief . . .

Tampa, Fla. EUGENE WORD

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (JUNE 28)

Senator Eastland
PORNOGRAPHY:

We have taken . . . steps to purge . . . pollution from our streams and air; to beautify our . . . highways and . . . parks; to protect the physical and mental health of our families. When will be taken the necessary steps to purge the venomous stain of this . . . pornographic plague from . . . our society?—Speech in United States Senate, February 28, 1966.

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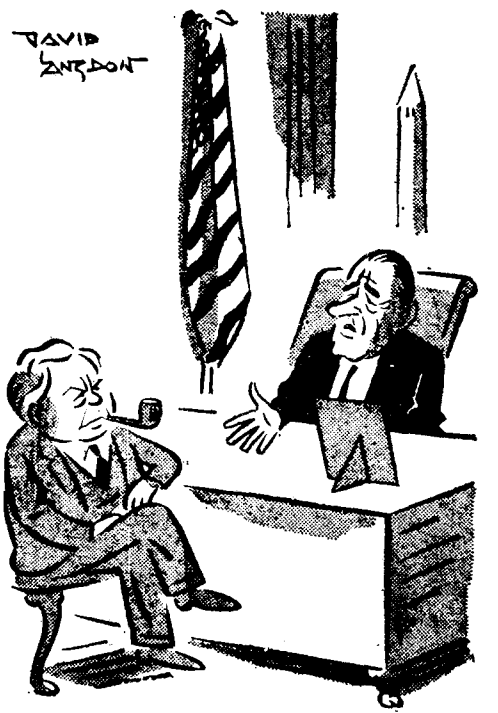
For The Record

Ronald Reagan playing it cool in California. No, he says, he won't ask any out-of-staters — including Goldwater and Nixon — to campaign for him. "I believe [the issues in this election] are between the candidates and the people." Reason: speculation that if Reagan beats Brown in November he'll be in GOP Presidential sweepstates in '68 could hurt rather than help him with Californians who will be voting for a governor, not a President. . . . First post-nomination Quayle poll showed Reagan 52 per cent, Brown 37 per cent, undecided 11 per cent. That's most one-sided figure at this point in any California campaign since Earl Warren ran for gov. in 1950. . . . Searle Pinney, other leaders of Connecticut's Liberal-dominated GOP, wondering if it was such a smart move to snub Reagan when he spoke before conservative Republican Citizens group in New Haven a year ago. Badly split Conn. GOP has had to go outside its own ranks to pick political unknown, insurance man Clayton Gengras, as its candidate against Democratic Gov. John Dempsey.

Nelson Rockefeller, with a hard re-election campaign of his own ahead, didn't even bother to send George Hinman, National Committeeman for New York, to meeting of GOP National Committee a week ago. Politicos take this to mean Rocky is not interested in role as king-maker. . . . Hubert Humphrey's political aides in Minnesota working hard to heal breaches in Democratic-Labor Party. Republicans in Minnesota, for once in good array, could win gubernational contest in November, striking a blow for Bobby in HHH's home state. . . . Expect splashy wind-up to Rep. Barratt O'Hara's long (and dull) hearings on South Africa. O'Hara may call on Robert Kennedy to be committee's last expert witness.

Mrs. Indira Gandhi is giving a cold shoulder to the neutralist leaders her father Nehru cronied around with. She has told Nasser and Tito she can't meet them in a non-aligned Summit—press of business at home is the excuse. . . . Sign that British-Rhodesian talks are going well: Ian Smith has reconnected the international telephone of British High Commissioner Sir Henry Gibbs. . . . Congolese authorities have clamped down on air travel to Albertville in North Katanga; are moving in crack



Punch Ben Roth Agency

"Well, that's the latest on Vietnam. Now you depress me about Rhodesia."

mercenary-led troops. Problem: the Balubas, whose chief Evariste Kimba was hanged in public execution in Leopoldville recently, are threatening revolt.

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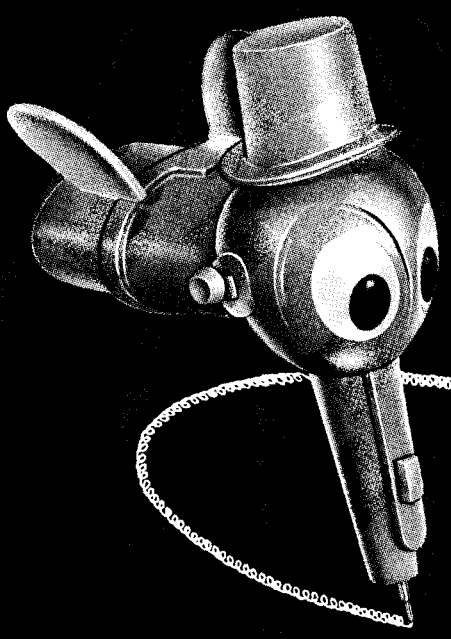

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